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MR. BRIGHT AT BIRMINGHAM.

WHAT are we to say to Mr. BRIGHT? He is, of all human puzzles, the most perplexing. Like ROB ROY, he is "ower bad for a blessing and ower gude for a banning." His mind seems constructed as an illustration of PASCAL's famous satire on the mixture of greatness and pettiness in man. With so many elements of strength and manliness in his character, it is inconceivable how he can condescend to a meanness and a spite which are more than womanish. His speech at Birmingham is a complete photograph of his disposition, with its high lights and its blurred exaggerated shadows. Who can help admiring the bold masculine force of his natural but not uncultivated eloquence? Among living speakers, the "pure well of English undefiled" counts no more powerful or accomplished master. No man can clothe noble and worthy thoughts in more nervous and striking language. His orations on the Russian war and on Indian legislation enlisted the admiration of those whose sympathies he failed to conciliate. It is impossible to read the solemn and moving sentences alluding to his recent visitation of sickness, by which he introduced himself to his Birmingham constituents, without anticipating a largeness of mind and a nobleness of sentiment which we are unfortunately never destined to find long sustained in any speech of Mr. BRIGHT's. If he were right—as he surely was—in acknowledging the gratitude which he felt to "all classes of his countrymen, for the numberless kindnesses which during that period he had received from them—from those high in rank, and abounding in wealth and influence, to the dweller in one of our Lancashire moors," he might also have reflected that his recovered intelligence and his recruited strength might be better employed than in endeavouring to inflame the prejudices and kindle the passions of "the dweller on the Lancashire moor," against those "of high rank and wealth" who had so lately proved to him that they both united in sympathy for genius in affliction. Why is Mr. BRIGHT to preach eternal enmity between classes to whose common feelings he is himself a living witness?

We can understand, and indeed approve, the dignified reproach which the late representative of Manchester addressed to those "in the promotion of whose interests the prime years of his life had been spent, who, when he was enduring a tedious exile, subjected him to a passionate and ungenerous treatment." Mr. BRIGHT repudiates the good offices of those who have sought to impose upon him an involuntary penitence. For our part, we are not surprised to hear that neither his late indisposition nor his recent political misadventures have made any change in his view of "recent public policy." We can understand, and, without assenting to them, we can even respect, the principles on which his opposition to the Russian war was founded. But what we cannot pardon in him is the signal and discreditable unfairness which he thinks it necessary to import into the discussion of grave and much-disputed questions. He may be right in his view that the interests at stake in the Russian war were not worth the expenditure of life and treasure which their vindication involved; and we may be wrong in the opinion which, in common with the great majority of the country, we entertained that the principles at issue were so important as to justify the efforts which were made to enforce them. But if Mr. BRIGHT vehemently complains of the misrepresentations to which his line of argument was exposed, we should like to know by what right he imputes to those who arrived at a different conclusion from himself, that "they hold cheap the lives of the 40,000 men whom we lost in the Russian war." By what title does he claim a monopoly of the opinion that a mass of men equal to the whole adult population of Birmingham is "something worth

"looking at by the statesman and the Christian?" Was Mr. BRIGHT the only man who thought that the 40,000 lives deserved to be considered before we rushed blindly into a war with Russia? Did not the Christian statesmen of England "hesitate before they squandered so much blood and so much treasure?" With what justice does he claim for his opinions "tolerance and forbearance," when he shows himself capable of neither in addressing such rash and violent language to those who arrived at a different conclusion from his own?

It is in the same spirit of glaring disingenuousness that Mr. BRIGHT addresses himself to the question of Reform, which constituted the grand topic of the Birmingham meeting. He starts, of course, with the assertion that "Parliament, as at present constituted, does not fairly represent the nation." We examined with some interest the steps in his demonstration of this fundamental proposition; but we are sorry to find that all his axioms are fictions, and his postulates fallacies—and very mischievous fallacies too. Parliament, he says, does not represent the people, because the principles of Free-trade did not prevail till 1846. He chooses to assert that a Parliament of landowners was only compelled by a political earthquake to allow the poor artisan of Birmingham or Manchester to buy his bread in the cheapest market. Of course he insinuates that public opinion had long been the other way, and that it was only the interested efforts of packed Parliaments that resisted the success of the true principle. But is not this grossly and manifestly untrue? If universal suffrage had existed in 1840, would the Anti-Corn-law League have carried the day? Was it the landowners who returned Protectionist members for Liverpool, and who turned out Free-traders in the City of London? Mr. BRIGHT of course believes that the principles of Free-trade are so obviously and so undeniably true that nothing but some influence as wicked and sinister as the Peerage could ever have opposed them. He is a worshipper of the United States; but does he not know that the Government of the United States is the most retrograde of Protectionists on the face of the earth? Is it the landed interest which has devised the prohibitory tariffs intended to prop up languishing manufactures on the other side of the Atlantic? The truth is, Free-trade was not established before 1846, not because Parliament inadequately represented the country, but because public opinion was not yet formed upon the question. Indeed, as Mr. BRIGHT very well knows, the conversion of Sir ROBERT PEEL was rather in advance than behind the march of public opinion.

Mr. BRIGHT's next illustration is a still more discreditable specimen of his want of candour and fairness in handling political discussions. He says, "Coming down to 1852, when Lord DERBY was in office, he went to a dissolution, and the great question proposed to the constituencies was Protection. Parliament re-assembled, and Lord DERBY and Protection were beaten by a majority of nineteen; when you had only a majority of nineteen in the House of Commons against the re-establishment of Protection, nineteen-twentieths of the people were determined that they would never have anything of the sort again." We really cannot comprehend how a man of Mr. BRIGHT's character and position could venture on addressing to a public audience a statement every word of which was either a blunder or a misrepresentation. It is a misrepresentation that the "great question" in the dissolution of 1852 was Protection, for almost all the Derbyites on the hustings expressly disclaimed any intention to restore it. It is positively untrue that "Protection and Lord DERBY were defeated by a majority of nineteen." As Mr. BRIGHT very well knows, long before Lord DERBY was defeated by an almost unanimous vote of the House of Commons, the amendment on Mr. VILLIERS' motion, which sealed for ever the fate of Protection, was carried with only fifty

dissentient voices—the celebrated “cannon-balls.” The majority of nineteen which turned out Lord DERBY had no connexion whatever with the question whether Protection should or should not be restored. So much for the veracity of Mr. BRIGHT’s second illustration of the inadequacy of the existing Parliament to represent public opinion. No man knows better than himself that the majority in favour of Free-trade in 1852 was at least as overwhelming in the House of Commons as in the country.

In the same way he goes on to allege “the paramount influence of the Church of England in both Houses of Parliament,” as an example of the insufficient representation of the people. “Only one-third of the people of England,” he says, “are in connexion with the Church”—a statement, by the way, which is grossly and notoriously inaccurate—but where, we should like to know, does Mr. BRIGHT discover the evidence that the Church is paramount in the House of Commons? Is it in the majorities by which the unconditional abolition of the church-rates was in the last Session affirmed over and over again? But of all the misrepresentations with which this unjustifiable speech teems, none is more inexcusable and mischievous than the illustration which he pretends to draw from the unequal assessment of the succession duty upon land, as compared with the legacy duty on personal estate. He says that the landowners have employed their influence in Parliament for the purpose of relieving themselves from their fair share of the public burthens, and that real estate pays one-third only of that which personal property contributes to “our wars and our burthens.” When Mr. BRIGHT deliberately puts forward this most mischievous statement, does he or does he not know by what species of property it is that the burthen of the poor and of the county rate is borne? Has he or has he not read the convincing demonstration of Mr. GLADSTONE, that the contribution, according to the present assessment of the income-tax, falls much heavier on landed than on personal estate? If mention is to be made of inequalities, why is all consideration of the land-tax to be excluded? And yet he sedulously keeps out of view these notorious elements of the calculation, which completely refute his conclusions. When Mr. BRIGHT has obtained the ideal Parliament after which he yearns, we suppose its first act will be to offer to share with the landed interest the burthen of pauperism, from which funded property and the profits of trade are now wholly exempt.

The tone of the speech is little more to be admired than its substance. Mr. BRIGHT’s tirade against the Peerage is not so much vulgar as childish. It reads like the naughty spite of a discharged chambermaid. One is almost disposed to wonder whether, at any time in his life, he made unsuccessful love to a duchess. It is very easy to ask “what is a Peer,” and to answer that he is “a fortunate individual who is born with a silver spoon in his mouth.” We should like to know what Mr. BRIGHT would think if the Duke of Devonshire was to get up at a public meeting, and, having asked “What is a cotton-spinner?” were to reply, “He is a fortunate individual who is born with cotton-wool in his ears.” Both statements would be equally sensible and equally impertinent. There are plenty of men of Mr. BRIGHT’s own class, both in Birmingham and Manchester, to whose sons his description is equally applicable as to that of the youthful Peer. Is the eldest son of a wealthy manufacturer never “pre-eminent amongst his brothers and sisters?” Is it only in the aristocratic class that it can be said that “this fine mansion, this beautiful park, these countless farms, this vast political influence, will centre in this ‘innocent boy?’” Is it to rank alone that “greater respect” is paid, we will not say by “servants,” but by every class of society? Has wealth no share in the unearned honours which Mr. BRIGHT so bitterly envies to the Peerage? Is it only the titled heirs of great possessions who can be said to “go to school and college, with no great incitement to work ‘hard, because whatever they do it is very difficult for them ‘to improve their future in any way?’” What is the meaning of all this miserable trash gathered out of the gutters of Socialistic declamation? Has not Mr. BRIGHT the sense to see that his argument, if it be good for anything, is good, not against the institution of rank alone, but against the existence of property, and of all other things which in civilized society give an artificial advantage to one man over another? May not the artisan with greater justice reproach the capitalist that he is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and that the children of the employer and the employed are not born to an equal fortune? Mr. BRIGHT sustains the thesis that the Peerage is a fraud,

with similar arguments (though with a feebler logic) to those with which his predecessors have taught that property is a theft. Let him take care lest, in the blindness of his spite, while he thinks only to dig a pit for the castle, he may not be undermining the foundations of the cotton-mill.

We have no space to examine the fabric of a Reform Bill which Mr. BRIGHT has sought to construct out of these miserable materials. It is not to the bitterness of a sectarian spirit, nor to the unfairness of so unscrupulous an intellect, that we should willingly see committed the task of remodeling our political institutions. What remains to be done in order to enlarge the basis on which our national liberties repose must be entrusted to men whose minds are sufficiently large to embrace with justice, and to view with candour, the different interests which it is their duty to reconcile, and not to exasperate. Above all, the work can be confided with safety only to men who feel the responsibility which a public station imposes on them, of practising a veracity to which—we say it with regret—Mr. BRIGHT seems more than ever a stranger.

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE AND COLONEL EDWARDES.

COLONEL HERBERT EDWARDES, as all the world knows, rendered great services at a critical moment to the Indian Empire. The memory of these services is sufficiently fresh to make it unbecoming in a public writer to speak with unnecessary severity of a string of wild suggestions on the subject of Christianity in India which he has submitted to Sir JOHN LAWRENCE. Most of his proposals have been summarily set aside by Sir JOHN, and it is only necessary to allude to those on which the two are agreed. They both think that Bible-classes might be safely established in all the Government schools, that all religious processions might be prohibited throughout India, and that the public exhibition of obscene symbols might be interdicted. On these points they notoriously differ from the great majority of Indian statesmen, and even of Indo-European settlers; and as only folly or prejudice will underrate the importance of this difference of opinion, it is desirable to account for it if it be possible. We think it sufficiently explained by the special situation in which Sir JOHN LAWRENCE and Colonel EDWARDES have been placed.

Colonel EDWARDES, when he performed his memorable exploits before Multan, had almost no experience of India. Since then, he has been nearly uninterruptedly employed in controlling the wild tribes on the mountain frontier of the Punjab. The task confided to him he has performed with eminent success, but his system has been one of sheer force. The mountaineers have been treated as barbarians, possessed, indeed, of some fine qualities, but still mere children in civilization. A civil jurisprudence has been administered as rude as that of the patriarch under his oak tree. The criminal law has been of the severest kind, giving precedence to the punishment of death over all others, and rendering the tribe or community responsible for the offences of individual members. Among these men Colonel EDWARDES, accustomed to make his will promptly and surely obeyed, and naturally full of the consciousness of power, appears to feel himself strong enough to carry out a number of religious changes which would, in fact, amount to the imposition of Christianity by force. That he generalizes his experience, and proposes to apply it to all India, is only another proof of the results of insulation in so vast a country. Close to him, however, is Sir JOHN LAWRENCE, ruling a territory differently circumstanced. In the Punjab we have a higher grade of civilization, and accordingly a more refined system. There is a regular code, though one of a rather infantine kind; and criminal justice is administered with some sort of procedure. Still the treatment of the population has been conducted on the assumption that they have but slightly advanced from barbarism, and the reliance of their rulers has been mainly on force. The assistance which Sir JOHN was able to render to the army before Delhi was the natural result of the prestige which he had been enabled to throw round the British name and power by the presence of European regiments drained into his territory from every corner of India. Used, therefore, to command subjects awed into respect by the habitual sight of British bayonets, Sir JOHN thinks he has the power to introduce changes, which are very far indeed from having the sweeping and violent character of those suggested by Colonel EDWARDES, but which Indian opinion regards as extremely formidable; and he too imagines that the Punjab can give the rule to all India.

When, however, we come to the provinces of the Empire which may be regarded as in a normal condition, we find a very dissimilar state of circumstances, and a very different set of impressions prevailing. In Bengal and Behar, in nearly all the North-west, and throughout the entire Presidencies of Madras and Bombay, with the exception perhaps of the Southern Mahratta country, the safety of the European settlers and officials must always depend, if not on the affection, at all events on the acquiescence and indifference of the native population. Unless we are prepared to expatriate to India a sensible fraction of the inhabitants of England, we can never fill these parts of the Peninsula with a number of European regiments sufficient to give English denizens a complete guarantee of property and life. Here, accordingly, some of the gentlest of Sir JOHN LAWRENCE's proposals are repudiated with absolute terror. It is true that a certain number of Europeans are of opinion that a consistent system of terrorism, applied to the Hindoo, would ultimately reconcile him to the reception of Christianity and Christian morals, and indeed to any known form of faith or rule of conduct. But these persons are decidedly in a minority, and most Anglo-Indians even of their own class positively tremble at any systematic interference on the part of Government with the only opinions which natives hold in common, or in fact hold at all. Sir GEORGE CLERK, who (we state this for the benefit of our religious contemporaries) has been among the very first of Indian administrators, asserts that by our innovations in the cognate, though much less dangerous, field of education we have already created so much disaffection that it is expedient rather to retreat than to advance. Yet, as Sir GEORGE CLERK may be thought to have erred from excess of official caution, we cite another witness. There is Mr. NORRON, the author of *Topics for Indian Statesmen*. Mr. NORRON detests the memory of the East India Company. He bitterly hates the Civil Service. He does not believe that anybody can argue in favour of one or the other of them except from corrupt motives. Nevertheless, this gentleman, abominating as he does the whole system which is responsible for the "traditionary policy," declares that if the mildest of these religious measures is carried out, all he begs for himself and his fellow-denizens is to have time given him to wind up his accounts, pack up his effects, and be off at once to Australia.

We have, then, the significant fact that, exactly in proportion to the amount of material force at the command of our Indian statesmen, and exactly in proportion to the degree in which they have their subjects thoroughly in hand, is their conviction that they can supersede the present missionary system by Government agency. Colonel EDWARDS, wielding an unqualified despotism, appears to think he could go far to convert the whole race. Sir JOHN LAWRENCE, whose system is gentler, but whose material resources have always been exceptionally great, considers he could establish Bible classes throughout India at the public expense, and suppress the public religious demonstrations of all non-Christian sects. Sir GEORGE CLERK, on the other hand, who has governed in the Deccan, and who is therefore familiar with the state of opinion in a part of India which has contrived to tide over the mutiny with scarcely a pretence of assistance from Europeans, doubts whether we have not shaken our empire by organizing the very schools in which Sir JOHN LAWRENCE proposes to establish Bible classes. It is very remarkable, too, that Sir JOHN LAWRENCE denies that the Bible classes would rouse the suspicion of the native, expressly on the ground that the schools do not rouse it. The Hindoo, he argues, is aware that he need not send his children to school unless he likes; yet he sends them. So too with the Bible classes. The native would attend, but would know thoroughly that his attendance was perfectly voluntary. Now this is the very point taken by Sir GEORGE CLERK. He asserts that the notion of a voluntary attendance at the schools is the merest delusion. He tells us that the vague but deep fear of Government which prevails throughout India induces some to send their children from the wish to curry favour, others from the apprehension of some unknown punishment which abstinence would draw down. Willing attendance does not, in his judgment, exist.

Of course we do not confidently insist on the apparent inference from the facts to which we have directed attention. All we say is, that they ought to be thoroughly sifted and explained. The practical question must have precedence over all others, and that question is, whether we are simply strong enough to carry Sir JOHN LAWRENCE's suggestions

into effect. Vast as is the debt which the country owes to the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, we must not forget that, on the points submitted by him to English opinion, his peculiar situation prevents his award from being at once conclusive.

THE FRENCH ALLIANCE AND THE PORTUGUESE COERCION.

THE short telegraphic message which has announced to Europe that Portugal protests that, in conceding the demands of France, she has yielded only to the menace of force, is one of the most grave and alarming incidents which for many years have menaced the peace of Europe. They must indeed be shallow and short-sighted politicians who fancy that, with the surrender of the *Charles et Georges*, the questions which the conduct of the French Government has raised are quietly set at rest. When a neighbour residing in the same street with ourselves informs us that his house has been broken into in broad daylight, we are not likely to rest contented with the assurance that he has escaped with his life. Nor is our uneasiness likely to be allayed by the knowledge that the burglar is one with whom we are on the most intimate terms. It will not readily escape us that what has happened to-day may not improbably recur to-morrow; and the violence from which our neighbour has suffered may one day reach ourselves. It is the feeling that *proximus ardet* which, not less than the sentiments of natural justice, gives every civilized nation the interest as well as the right to resent a barefaced invasion of the public law of Europe.

The armed coercion of Portugal by France is the most violent outrage on the independence of a sovereign State which has been practised by superior force on a feeble power since the atrocious days of the first Empire. It is not necessary to discuss the legal questions which affect the validity of the capture of the *Charles et Georges*. When a man is committed for trial, it is no defence for breaking open his prison that you are convinced he is innocent of the charge brought against him. If his accusers have no case, he may trust to the law for his deliverance. The more convinced the French Government were of the goodness of their cause, the less justification can they plead for the violence they have practised. We have not yet before us the official statement of the Portuguese version of the transaction. The *Moniteur* of Thursday publishes the view on which the French Government rely for their defence of the violence of which they have been guilty. The case which they there set up is as great an outrage on common sense as their acts have been upon common justice. A French vessel is captured in Portuguese waters—a fact which, though the *Moniteur* faintly disputes, it does not venture to deny—it is regularly condemned by a Portuguese Court—the sentence of this Court is carried by appeal to the superior jurisdiction at Lisbon—and while this regular and legitimate appeal is pending, a French squadron is sent into the Tagus to menace and coerce the Portuguese Government before judgment has been pronounced. And what is the pretence by which it is attempted to justify this outrageous act of lawlessness and oppression? We are told that the Commission which in the first instance condemned the *Charles et Georges* "took no account of the regularity of its papers which established its proper armament, nor of the presence on board of a delegate of the French Government, nor finally of any other circumstance which ought to have left no doubt upon the fair character of the ship and the honesty of the captain." What does this mean, unless it be the intolerable pretension that a vessel having French papers, and with a Government delegate on board, is not only to be free from all suspicion, but to be at liberty to defy even the clearest proof of illicit traffic within the territorial jurisdiction of an independent and sovereign State. If the "fair character of the ship" was capable of being established, the matter was still in litigation before the Court of Appeal at Lisbon. The French Government had ample means of bringing before the tribunal those "other circumstances" so vaguely alluded to, which might have made good by argument the conclusion which they thought it more convenient to enforce by an armed menace.

We have said that this matter is of very grave significance, not only for Europe in general but for England in particular. And the serious considerations to which it gives rise are by no means dispelled by the solution to which the weakness of Portugal has been compelled to submit in a humiliating capitulation. But the shame of Portugal in this instance is

the disgrace of Europe, and the triumph of France is the menace of every independent nation in the world. What was the principle on which a European league was negotiated to encounter the threats which the Russian Government had addressed to the SULTAN? It was not in respect to community of interest in the East, nor on the pretence of any fear of the increasing influence of the CZAR, that England and France professed to combine, but on the ground that an invasion of the sovereignty of an independent State was a question in which every State in Europe had a direct and particular interest. But if this was the avowed basis of the Anglo-French alliance, in what position is that alliance placed by an act in comparison with which the MENSCHIKOFF missive seems modest and moderate? In what degree is the independence of Portugal less respectable than the independence of Turkey? By what rule is a French squadron sent with every circumstance of insult and menace into the Tagus less an invasion of sovereign rights than the presence of the Russian army on the Pruth? This Portuguese business will, if we do not take great care, present us to the eyes of Europe either in the light of great hypocrites or of great cowards. With what face can we pretend that our foreign policy is directed to the disinterested ends of justice, while we are content to appear as silent accomplices with the perpetrators of violence and wrong? We pretend, indeed, in concert with the French Government, to have undertaken the police of Europe; but what will Europe think of her policemen when she sees one of them quietly parading the pavement, while the other is working the centre-bits and plundering the till?

It is a great misfortune for Portugal—it is a still greater misfortune for England—that Parliament should not at this moment be sitting, so as to bring public opinion to bear on the Administration, and to admit of the Administration making public the sentiments which it entertains and the action which it has assumed. We have no wish to judge unfavourably by anticipation of the course which by this time Lord MALMESBURY may have adopted. We can afford to despise the petty insinuations of the Continental press that the English Government has pursued a policy of deception and pusillanimity in despatching a fleet which was never meant to arrive in the Tagus. Nevertheless it is highly unsatisfactory that the traditional reserve of the Foreign Office should keep silence as to the course which England has adopted in this matter. It is no light reproach that, from the special and exceptional relations which we have—we think, most unwisely—assumed towards France, we should even appear to be accomplices by acquiescence in this atrocious act. We cannot doubt that any English Minister who comprehends at all the true spirit of English opinion must have, ere this, exhausted all the resources of remonstrance against the unjust humiliation of an ally with whom our relations are of somewhat longer standing than those which bind us to France.

The question is not yet closed, and there is time for England to extend to Portugal that support which the interests of justice and of friendship alike demand at our hands. The French vessel has been forcibly wrested from the hands of the Portuguese, but the question of the indemnity still remains open. If the Government of Lisbon still demands that this question shall be submitted to the arbitration of some neutral Power, we cannot see on what principle England can decline to support Portugal in her resistance to further coercion. The principle of international arbitration was one which, rightly or wrongly, wisely or foolishly, was formally insisted upon at the Conferences of Paris. The French Government were the first to advocate its introduction into the diplomatic code of Europe, and they have been the first to reject its application to the very case in which it might have been most legitimately applied.

But apart altogether from the merits of this particular question, there is much in the conduct and spirit which the French Government has displayed in this affair which is calculated to arouse serious misgivings in the hearts of all thinking men who are not the dupes of mere complimentary speeches and empty phrases. This act of violent aggression in a time of profound peace is not a sudden outbreak of passion, nor a display of uncontrollable temper—these are not the failings of the hero of the 2nd of December. If the *coup d'état* in the Tagus is a menace to Europe, it is likewise a warning to England. Let us remember the pregnant and witty saying of the Vienna humorist—"L'Empereur a dit l'Empire c'est la paix; maintenant il dit Cherbourg c'est la paix; bientôt il dira la guerre c'est la paix."

THROWING THINGS INTO CONFUSION.

THE profound dulness of nine-tenths of the political speeches which have thus far been delivered during the recess may serve as an excuse for noticing some remarks of Mr. BAXTER to his constituents at Montrose, which, although neither new nor remarkable in themselves, bear on a question of growing importance. Like every other Member of Parliament who has yet appeared at a public meeting, Mr. BAXTER recalls with satisfaction the fact that he was one of the ninety-nine who voted against the introduction of the Conspiracy Bill. The confidence which he last year placed in Lord PALMERSTON he has entirely lost, not being inclined to legislate at the dictation of foreigners, in deference to any statesman whatever. In pledging himself to support the present Government in good measures, and to oppose them if their schemes of reform are unsatisfactory—and generally in his explanations, undertakings, and prophecies—the Member for Montrose followed the formula which appears to have been established by general consent; but in the course of his speech he took occasion to inquire into the cause of the present political stagnation. The towns, he said, had formerly returned representatives, who had no local connexion to recommend them, on the ground of agreement in political opinions; "but every election is now diminishing their number, and in their stead we find wealthy merchants, railway contractors, shipowners, manufacturers, and bankers, who, having no personal stake in the game of politics, are much less manageable, and are apparently determined to throw things into confusion by voting according to their conscience. (Cheers and laughter.) The Reform Bill, in fact, is only now coming into full play, and putting the balance of power into the hands of men who care very little for party names, and still less about scrambles for office." The statement is perfectly true; nor is it in any way surprising that the audience should receive it with "cheers and laughter." Yet a thoughtful politician may doubt whether there is an unmixed advantage in changes which "throw things into confusion." Wealthy merchants, railway contractors, and trading capitalists in general form so influential a portion of the community, that the presence of a portion of them in Parliament would be highly desirable, even if it were not inevitable; and yet it may be questioned whether the class is pre-eminently qualified to govern the country. However this may be, the local magnates of the great towns have not yet obtained possession of the Government. They may hold the balance of power, but power itself is exercised by the despised residue of aristocrats and professional statesmen, and the result of the periodical confusion occasioned by the disruption of parties is merely to substitute Lord DERBY and his friends for Lord PALMERSTON and the old Whig Cabinet, or *vice versa*. Notwithstanding the natural boasts of middle-class supremacy which edify the hustings and the platform, the manufacturers and railway contractors in the House of Commons never think of affecting rivalry with the established GLADSTONES, LEWISES, and STANLEYS, who have devoted themselves to the business of politics. The town constituencies habitually abstain from the selection of candidates who are likely to become qualified for high office, and consequently they have no direct share through their representatives in the practical administration of public affairs. The possession of "a personal stake in the game of politics" is not altogether disadvantageous if it makes the holder act as if he were in earnest, or even if it occasionally renders him more manageable. The contingent responsibility of future office furnishes a useful check to individuals, as well as to old-fashioned Oppositions. Even the party struggles which are invidiously described as scrambles for office, although they may be despised by wealthy men of business, concern the public interests more nearly than any division on a special Bill or Resolution. Parliament governs the country through the leaders of majorities, and the practice of mere local representation tends to the extinction both of majorities and of leaders. The intelligent and independent members who boast that they owe no allegiance to others, while they claim none for themselves, have formed but an inadequate conception of the actual British Constitution. The tradition that the chief duty of the House of Commons consists in watching and checking the proceedings of Ministers dates from a time at which the powers of government were really exercised by the Crown, or by an aristocratic league equally independent of the popular suffrage. It is highly desirable that the Government should

be restrained from encroachments, but it is far more necessary that, in the first instance, there should be a Government. Power must necessarily fall into some definite hands, and it is only too certain that it will not be exercised by an unorganized assembly which scorns to be thought manageable. The independent members had reason for the dissatisfaction which caused the overthrow of the late Government; but surely it is high time now to consider whether the isolation and unmanageableness which some of them seem to regard as the essence of public virtue, can be permanently maintained with advantage either to their own principles or to the general interests of the country.

At present, the principal gainers by the change in the constitution of Parliament are the very aristocrats who are invidiously contrasted with bankers and railway contractors. Entering public life at five-and-twenty instead of at five-and-forty, connected with each other by family and social relations, with leisure to devote themselves to political pursuits, and with the habit of directing their ambition to the attainment of office, the frequenters of Brookes's and of the Carlton still secure for themselves, in despite of criticism, an alternate monopoly of power. The independent and unmanageable members who treat party struggles with contempt find at last that their choice is only that which a suitor may exercise between the rival leaders in a Court. The client cannot conduct his cause himself, and if he quarrels with Lord PALMERSTON, his consent is scarcely asked before his brief is handed, as a matter of course, to Lord DERBY. Neither the ninety-nine original opponents of the Conspiracy Bill, nor the Liberal adherents who afterwards joined them, desired to effect that particular change of Ministry which followed from the vote on Mr. MILNER GIBSON's motion. A few of their leaders may have had no other object than to upset the Ministry; but the great body wished only to administer a lesson to the Government, or at the utmost to introduce some more liberal elements into its constitution. The admission of a hostile party to office, although inevitable, was generally unforeseen. The accommodating disposition of the new Government, although it may reconcile opponents to its existence, is really beside the question. It was not as advocates of an extended suffrage, of Jewish claims, or of the abolition of church-rates, but as the only available body of professional politicians, that Mr. DISRAELI and his friends acceded to office.

It is undoubtedly desirable that the great interests of trade and of manufacture should be fully represented in the House of Commons, and on the whole it is not wonderful that the populous towns of the North should return but few candidates for Ministerial office. It is only surprising that the Metropolitan boroughs should be devoid of all political ambition. In the absence of all local claims or natural unity of interest, the London population might reasonably be expected to pay some respect to merit or to celebrity; but the pleasure of sending an obscure tradesman or a pot-house orator to Parliament prevails over the natural emulation which Finsbury or the Tower Hamlets ought to feel when they compare themselves with small provincial boroughs. It would be idle to remonstrate against a state of things which may no doubt be traced to adequate causes. The constitution of the House of Commons will not be changed by any argument, or by any explanation of its tendencies; but it is worth the while of statesmen to study the instrument with which they must work, and as far as possible to counteract its defects. The Liberal secession of last spring indicated rather a disposition to claim a just share in the powers of Government than a complacent acquiescence in the charge of unmanageable Liberalism. If the doors of future Cabinets are thrown somewhat wider open, it is not impossible that party discipline and organization may, to the great advantage of the community, include many of the independent members who at present unwisely boast that they are unattached.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY COMMISSION.

WHATEVER other merits the Cambridge University Commissioners may possess, they seem to be somewhat wanting in tact. They had a very delicate task committed to them, and the first condition of success was that its difficulties should not be aggravated by any unnecessary irritation. Dictation is never pleasant to endure, even when sanctioned by Act of Parliament, and college authorities are not remarkable for the humility with which they are disposed to turn the cheek to the smiter; but on this very

account there was the more need for conciliation on the other side. Without harmonious co-operation between the Commission and the governing bodies of the different colleges, there was never much prospect of any reform at all being carried out; and the amount of harmony which the Commissioners have been able to maintain may be gathered from the fact that the Secretary to the Commission and the Master of the largest college, while disclaiming the least intention to be discourteous, mildly describe each other's letters as insolent, impertinent, and offensive.

The acerbity of feeling which a little tact might have prevented or allayed, has too probably made all compromise hopeless. The important meeting of college authorities which was held on Tuesday seems indeed to have been nearly unanimous in denouncing all the material innovations which the Commission has endeavoured to impose upon Trinity and St. John's. Under the circumstances, perhaps even less objectionable changes might have been equally unsuccessful in gaining the assent of the colleges; but the project of the Commission is so destructive of the composition of the colleges, that it was quite impossible for the most thoroughgoing reformers to accept it without reserve. The four articles which have given so much offence provide that all Fellowships shall be disposed of by competition, open to the whole university; that the tenure shall be limited to ten years from the M.A. degree; that the colleges shall pay a fixed percentage of their incomes for University purposes; and that undergraduates who are not members of the Church of England shall not be required to attend the services in the college chapels. Now, if the Royal Commissioners had been directed to ascertain the most suitable basis for a new university at Vancouver's Island, it might be a fair subject of discussion whether the organization which they propose would or would not be the best to adopt. But in reforming a body which possesses the elements of vigorous life, prudent men would gladly avail themselves of every power within it that could be turned to use. Whether such a system be or be not, *à priori*, the most perfect that could be imagined, it is the fact that the true life of Cambridge, much more than of Oxford University, resides in the separate colleges. University associations are feeble, but college associations, which the Commissioners seem inclined to ignore, supply the most powerful and beneficial force which is brought to bear upon a man during his University career. It is easy to ridicule this or any other form of *esprit du corps*, but is it wise to destroy what has proved to be an effectual engine for carrying out the purposes for which the University and the colleges exist? One laughs at TOM STYLES, who never did anything glorious in his life, for the pride with which he takes to himself the glory of being an Englishman. But for all that, TOM STYLES is a stouter man in consequence of this feeling. A soldier may be very irrational to associate himself in any way with the victories won by his regiment before he was born; but he does like to see Talavera or Waterloo inscribed on the standard, and he fights all the better for his bit of sentiment. The same kind of feeling, in a different guise, is equally efficacious as a stimulus to a college student; and it is surely more wholesome for him to be urged by a desire to keep up the old credit of his college, and to attain to its highest honours, than to be prompted exclusively by the personal ambition of taking the first place in the tripos, and winning the richest fellowship that may be vacant throughout the University. The scheme of the Commissioners would almost annihilate this sentiment, instead of utilizing it, as judicious reformers would be anxious to do. Undergraduates will not feel much enthusiasm for their college when they regard it merely as a school to train them up to the mark which will entitle them to go elsewhere and claim admission in a more richly endowed corporation. Tutors, too, will lose one of the strongest influences which now urge them to exertion when they know that they will not be able to retain the men they have trained as ornaments of their own college. The social life of college fellows may not be thought worthy of much regard, but it plays its part in the harmonious government of the body, which would scarcely go on as efficiently as it does if the ruling members had no other tie than the fact that they had been equally successful in an open examination.

Even if the maintenance of the colleges in their integrity as distinct associations were less important than we believe it to be, the project of the Commissioners would still be a gratuitous interference with a system that has worked extremely well. It is early enough to apply redress when a grievance is found,

and it is not pretended that the elections to fellowships in Trinity and St. John's are so unsatisfactory as to require the admission of candidates from other colleges. It may be conceded to the Commissioners that the area of competition should be wide enough to secure a regular supply of candidates really worthy of distinction. But it is notorious that both of the colleges to which it has been proposed to apply the new régime are able to maintain a very high and very constant standard. If all the vacant fellowships in the University were thrown into a common stock, to be annually competed for in a monster examination, the result would undoubtedly be to secure a fellowship for every man who, under the present system, has a chance of election at Trinity or St. John's. The only difference would be that some of them might find themselves installed among strangers, instead of taking their appropriate places in their own colleges. So far as these two colleges are concerned, it will not be pretended that their fellowships would be better filled, or their candidates more suitably placed, than they are now. The case is a little different in some of the smaller colleges. There may perhaps be half a dozen foundations—constituting in all somewhere about a tenth part of the University—where the fellowships are not numerous enough to ensure a regular supply of vacancies. When an opening does occur, there may be none but second-rate candidates among the members of the college. In such cases it is, no doubt, desirable that a power of selecting from a wider field should exist; but that is no reason why a college should be compelled to open its doors to strangers, when it has members of its own body who are worthy of election.

An optional power of giving fellowships to members of other colleges in default of fit candidates at home, is enough, if fairly exercised, to meet the whole of the mischief which the Commissioners propose to remedy by uprooting the entire college system. Such a power already exists in most colleges, and is frequently exercised, and might without injury be extended throughout the University. But the Commissioners have framed their model statutes to provide for a case which is not only exceptional, but rare; and they have wholly disregarded the interests of the mass of the University, in order to obviate an inconvenience felt about once in two or three years by some of the smallest colleges, and which nearly all of them can and do remedy by voluntarily adopting for the occasion the cosmopolitan principle which the Commission would make the inflexible law of the whole University. It is certainly true that the fellowship standard is not absolutely uniform at different colleges, but neither is the honour equal. A man may fail at Trinity who would have succeeded at Catharine Hall, just as he may fail in life by indulging too lofty an ambition. Absolute equality of standard between different colleges is much less important than steadiness from year to year, even if it would not be a positive inconvenience. If fellowships were not known to be rather more easy of attainment at a small college, there would be no inducement to any undergraduate to go there; and the end of the open competition might be to absorb the whole of the students into a few of the larger colleges, leaving the rest to stand not as places of education, but as magnificently endowed retreats for the winners in the universal Fellowship Handicap. That such would be the natural result of the project is strongly confirmed by the melancholy history of Downing College. This is the only foundation on which the fellows are elected from the University at large, and it is also the one college where no undergraduates ever make their appearance. If all emoluments were thrown open in the same way, there would soon be other deserts in Cambridge besides the quadrangle of Downing.

On the other points in dispute, the case against the Commissioners is by no means so clear. It is impossible to deny that the college revenues ought to supply the University with such funds as it really requires, and the only serious question is as to the mode in which the contributions should be assessed. The proposals as to the limitation of the tenure of fellowships and the compulsory attendance of undergraduates in the college chapels were rejected in a very summary way by the rather indignant meeting of Masters and Fellows; but on the former question there is far more to be said on both sides than seems to be admitted by resident Dons.

DIFFICULTIES OF LIBERALISM IN PRUSSIA.

THAT the Regency and the future reign of the Prince of Prussia may be beneficial to his country is the desire of all reasonable politicians and the ardent hope of many

patriotic Prussians; yet it has been justly remarked that the freedom which depends on the inclinations of an individual ruler too nearly resembles the effect of a beneficent despotism. Englishmen, born to liberty, are generally as unconscious of its conditions as of the pressure of the atmosphere which has always surrounded them; and Continental Liberals, while they envy the great model of constitutional government, invariably regard some of its distinctive features as superfluous anomalies. In the absence of external constraint there must be willing obedience, such as that which social influences and accepted customs have in England traditionally substituted for force. In a struggle with a disaffected or turbulent population, a King will always be more efficient than an elective Assembly. It will not be enough for the Prince of Prussia to allow his Parliament a larger share in the management of public affairs, unless he can induce the nation to respect and obey an authority which has hitherto been little more than nominal. There is no reason to suppose that any change in the electoral law would increase the ordinary power of the Chambers, although the exercise of a democratic franchise might occasionally lead to revolutionary outbreaks. At the risk of tautology, the truism cannot be too often repeated, that, to render Parliamentary Government possible, it is absolutely necessary to have a Parliament which can govern. The recent manifesto of the Progresista party in Spain combined repeated eulogies of the English system with an avowal of adherence to the Constitution of 1812; but it would have been as reasonable to recommend the institution of an hereditary aristocracy by pointing to the prosperity of the United States. Whatever may be the case with freedom in the abstract, the liberties of England have not been fostered by Universal Suffrage, Ballot, or the compulsory division of heritages. Local and personal independence, the subordination of official authority to private rights, the approximate coincidence of social preponderance with political power—all those relations, in short, which Continental Liberals habitually denounce—have been from the first distinctive characteristics of the English Constitution. Theorists may at their pleasure prefer an American or Australian democracy, but the only free country in Europe has hitherto steadily abstained from experiments such as those which failed in all parts of the Continent in 1848.

The substitution of administrative interference for individual energy is the bane of Prussia as well as of France, but it is doubtful whether any considerable party in the country desires a comprehensive change of system. It is also possible that the social condition of the population may render it impossible to organize local centres of political influence. Provinces inhabited by mere peasants, who acknowledge no natural leaders, must necessarily be governed in the name of some extraneous authority. The only party which has cultivated traditions analogous to those of England has unfortunately been led, by a German spirit of exaggeration, and perhaps by sectional prejudice, to incur, and in some measure to deserve, universal unpopularity. The *Junkers* or provincial gentry have been identified, through their organ the *Kreis-Zeitung*, with anti-national politics, with religious hypocrisy, with servility to the Court, and with insolence to the people; and strong hopes are entertained that the new REGENT will withdraw the favour which his brother has always shown to the obnoxious faction. Yet the party, as it fantastically terms itself, of the Cross, has been the principal opponent of bureaucratic omnipotence, and FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. was influenced by no despotic tendencies in his perhaps mistaken desire to create a political aristocracy. His own opinions were formed by the teaching of scholars and politicians who regarded the levelling despotism of France with well-founded antipathy, and he probably regretted the success with which his predecessors in the eighteenth century had prepared the way for modern centralization. The French commonplace, that the armies of the Revolution and of the Empire scattered the seeds of liberty through Europe, is reducible to the fact that they annihilated all privileges and franchises, to leave a clear field for despotic government. Down to the eve of the Revolution, there were in almost all parts of Germany constitutional assemblies, free cities, and nobility and gentry holding immediately of the Empire; but NAPOLEON swept away all vestiges of mediæval independence, and the sovereigns who recovered their territory or independence at his fall were but too willing to profit by his political confiscations.

The German patriots of the time, with scarcely an exception, traced the calamities of their country to the want of public spirit and self-reliance which had followed on the decay of liberty. The vigorous sovereigns of Prussia had established

the most uniform and regular monarchy in Germany, only to see it collapse in 1806 like a house of cards; and it was naturally thought that the best security against the return of French supremacy was to be found in the systematic repudiation of French principles. The whole of STEIN's later life was devoted to the promulgation of the doctrines which are travestied in the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, and openly repudiated by the Liberal party. NIEBUHR's efforts in the same direction probably exercised a more direct influence over the KING's imaginative disposition. The *Junkers*, who had been sternly discountenanced by FREDERICK WILLIAM I. and by FREDERICK the GREAT, took advantage of the royal bias to increase their influence by affecting a sympathy with Prussian interests, and with certain vague religious aspirations. The Prussian nation rejoices to know that the REGENT has no romantic fancies, and confidently trusts that he will persevere in the traditional policy of his family. It must, however, be remembered that the HOHENZOLLERNS, though they have been energetic and often beneficent rulers, have never greatly favoured the extension of popular franchises. The able Prussian writer who lately published a liberal manifesto in the *Times*, may probably be justified in believing that the party of the Cross is, under present circumstances, an obsolete and impracticable faction. The nation must be free, if it is to be free at all, by the use of its own qualities and advantages, and not by a servile imitation of inapplicable English institutions. The melancholy experience of 1848 has proved, to those who required demonstration, that liberty is not to be enjoyed under the supremacy of the mob, and it remains to be shown whether there are materials for an efficient Government in any class between the Crown and the rabble. If the experiment is to be tried during the reign of the Prince of PRUSSIA, it is at least satisfactory to know that the new ruler is generally believed to possess the rare qualifications of honesty and common sense.

LITERARY DUELLING.

THE enormous disadvantage under which the intellect of France has been placed by a system of government which forbids it to occupy itself directly with the interests and aspirations of the present moment, has been partially compensated by the unity of feeling which common dangers and a common proscription have produced among the chiefs of French literature. Never were the great writers of France so closely drawn together. Men whom diversity of pursuits, difference of opinions, and above all, the pride of heading a school, seemed to have permanently separated, have discovered the thread which united their lines of progress, or, at all events, agree that their labours will be equally in vain without the free air and liberty of movement which all are alike panting to recover. But the remarkable kindness which has grown up recently among the great representatives of French thought is singularly contrasted with the acrimony and quarrelsomeness which are beginning to distinguish French authors of a lower grade. The numerous writers who devote themselves to the Parisian theatres, and a class—almost unknown in England, but extraordinarily large in France—which occupies itself nearly exclusively with dramatic criticism, are becoming especially notorious for the furiousness of their disputes; and it is just now reported in Paris that the attention of the Government has been seriously attracted by the number of duels which they have been fighting. It is not difficult for a foreigner to satisfy himself that the personal relations of these gentlemen are in a singular state. There has recently been a great increase in the number of "satirical" journals published in Paris—and for the honour of our country we are bound to say that a "satirical" paper is something infinitely less kindly, and considerably less humorous, than a comic journal of the English type. These imitators of the old *Charivari* are positively crammed with literary scandal, or, to put it more clearly, with scandal about the lives of literary men; and the Englishman who buys one of them has never probably before seen so much dirty linen washed in public. A good deal of grotesqueness is added to their bitterness by the *loi de la signature*. There is a certain oddity in M. X.—'s giving a detailed narrative of the reception of his first vaudeville, but it is overpowering to read that M. A.— had his ears boxed in a *café* the other day for impertinence to a lady, and to find the statement authenticated with the Christian and surname of M. B.—.

The grand cause of this literary civil war appears to be the

sternness of the French Government in prohibiting political discussion. A dozen years ago, the crowd of minor writers which forms an unhealthy and unnatural proportion of the population of Paris, found room enough for its genius in the by-ways of politics. They are all closed now, and the French equivalent for "No Thoroughfare" stares you in the face wherever you move. The only form of opposition which remains possible is one which demands more reading and more reflection than usually go to the education of a contributor to *Figaro* or the *Journal Pour Rire*. The great lessons of the past may still be so read as to imply the condemnation of demagogic despotism, and every now and then an arrow from the historian's quiver may be made to wound as deeply as the bitterest personal attack, without its being possible for the victim to retaliate ever so slightly on the marksman. The only blow under which the existing French Government has visibly winced was dealt by the papers of M. AMPÈRE in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. A Potentate who seems to consider the architectural regeneration of the French cities as one principal part of his mission was touched to the quick by a series of calm and learned essays, establishing that the decay of the arts, and of architecture in particular, in the capital of the CÉSARS had exactly varied with the intensity of despotism. It would of course be mere mockery to bid a writer, whose whole stock in trade consists in some command of language and a lively imagination, to address himself to themes which are monopolized by the pedants of the Academy. What then is he to write about? It is still not illegal to satirize the peculiarities of particular classes of French society; but, as poor M. DE PENE discovered to his cost, it is extremely dangerous. Afraid, therefore, to attack the Government, afraid to attack the army, afraid to attack the clergy, and unwilling (for the topic is used up) to joke about the bourgeoisie, the French satirical writers are like wolves when the deer have fled the country, or like the English Barons when they lost their French apapages. Necessarily, they have turned on each other. And the civil blood thus shed is poured out in greater profusion from the practice which prevails among them of parading their wounds in the open air. The popular authors of France have contracted of late years the bad habit, not quite unknown in England, of treating the public as a friend into whose ear they are entitled to pour their most intimate confidences. They make no scruple of publicly confessing their sins, publicly lamenting their woes, and publicly abusing or forgiving their enemies. The system is a bad one in itself. It is no more defensible than would be the conduct of Mr. EDWIN JAMES in confiding his private misfortunes—if so prosperous a gentleman has any—to the juries whom he wheedles, lectures, or melts to tears. But, besides its intrinsic indecency, the example of the French writers shows that it has the additional inconvenience of keeping a whole class in permanently boiling water.

The French Government is said to be quite in earnest in its wish to put a stop to duelling, or at all events to diminish the frequency of duels. It was a great deal too much afraid of the army to take notice of the affair between HYÈNE and DE PENE, but its helplessness on that occasion has probably made it all the more eager to accomplish the simpler task of preventing civilians from fighting. It is really wonderful that so little has hitherto been done. No Government has an interest in promoting duels, and the authorities in France are probably quite conscious that the practice of duelling is closely connected with that lawlessness which it is their first object to suppress. Yet all preceding Governments have displayed strange hesitation on this subject, and some of them have confessed a doubt, rare enough in France, whether it is in the power of law to cope with an inveterate habit. A glance at England might have reassured them. Englishmen are naturally quite as prone to these private combats as Frenchmen. Their personal pride, which exhibits itself all over Europe in the form of shyness and reserve, is exactly the quality which, under a different system, would render them madly punctilious on the point of honour. As a fact, this has been an eminently duelling country, for our law was till recently impotent, and we never had any court like the old tribunal of the Marshals of France, which was expressly constituted for the punishment of duellists. What is it, then, which has made duelling as obsolete among us as a tournament, and a duellist as rare or as ridiculous as a man in coat-armour? Not certainly any superiority to our neighbours in morality or religion, for enough goes on among us to show that if

certain external restraints were removed we should fight as fiercely, and for as little cause, as they do. The real preventive of duelling in England is the firmness of our judges in treating duelling as murder, and of the authorities at the Horse-Guards in considering it a high military crime. This sternness of our civil and military tribunals is barely thirty years old, but it has been entirely effectual. The truth is, men will not fight as principals, and above all will not officiate as seconds, when the penalty is a disgraceful as well as a severe one. Duelling has been put down by our law, and this has been done in a country where the incapacity of criminal legislation to diminish private immorality has all but passed into a commonplace. It is quite incredible that as much might not be accomplished in France. French jurisprudence already comprehends duelling within its definition of murder; French law is much more easily worked than ours; and Frenchmen, except in their paroxysms of lawlessness, have the fear of the law much more constantly before their eyes than Englishmen, and obey it much more readily. If these things can be done in the green wood of English character and English institutions, they may surely across the Channel be effected in the dry.

ENGLAND AND HER CRITICS.

WE have really gone on so long abusing ourselves, and getting abused by our neighbours, that an occupation sufficiently entertaining when it was novel begins, now that it is stale, to be something tedious. Too much of a good thing is always tiresome, and we may get sick even of invective against ourselves. The *banalité* of self-deprecation is what the French call *usée à la corde*, to such an extent that we can hardly now discover whether it is our own press or that of other countries which plagiarises, the one from the other, in the monotonous tirade against everything that is English. There is something original and refreshing in the notion of saying a good word for England. It almost looks like the rehabilitation of Oliver Cromwell, Messalina, or Richard the Third. It is pleasant, just for a change, to be well spoken of, even in French. It permits us to hope that the example may prove infectious, and that one day it may be unfashionable even for English journals to traduce their country. For our part we shall not be sorry to see that day arrive, for we confess we have some puritanical doubts as to the redeeming merit of those constant scourgings which, by the hands of our pious and contrite public instructors, we are perpetually applying to our own backs.

It is therefore with unmixed pleasure that we have read in the last number of *Le Correspondant*—a publication whose merits are not so widely appreciated in this country as they deserve—a study on England and the English, from the pen of M. de Montalembert. It signifies little who makes your caricature, but if you want a portrait you must have an artist. To no hand in Europe would we more willingly give a commission to paint the country that we love than to that of M. de Montalembert. He has already given us a specimen of his powers, and his last essay, to our taste, surpasses his previous efforts. In the article to which we refer, and which is entitled “Un Débat sur l’Inde au Parlement Anglais,” will be found the most splendid, and on the whole, we venture to say, the justest vindication which has yet appeared of the character of England, against those malignant assaults which have been levelled against her in the Continental press, and from which she has been so ill-defended by her own. The brilliant abilities which (in the days before the ox of tyranny had gone over the tongue of France) made M. de Montalembert the first orator of an eloquent nation, and which, even in these days of barbarism and silence, has left him second to no writer in Europe, are not the only qualifications which he brings to the accomplishment of a worthy and elevated work. To a man of genius and honour in France, the contemplation of English liberty is almost the only consolation which remains. It is to the exile the home of that freedom that he has lost—the bow in the heavens which is a perpetual assurance that the deluge of Imperialism shall not altogether sweep his race from the earth. What it is that leads M. de Montalembert frequently to visit a country whose admiration he repays with a generous interest, he has painted in a sentence which we will not mar by inadequate translation:—“Quand je sens que le marasme me gagne, quand les oreilles me tintent, tantôt du bourdonnement des chroniqueurs d’antichambre, tantôt du fracas des fanatiques qui se croient nos maîtres, et des hypocrites qui nous croient leurs dupes; quand j’étouffe sous le poids d’une atmosphère chargée de miasmes serviles et corrompue, je cours respirer un air plus pur et prendre un bain de vie dans la libre Angleterre.”

He dismisses from his audience with an exquisite irony those “*esprits progressifs*” and those “*politiques optimistes*” who “*ruminate in peace the fat pasturages of a contented tranquillity*.” He demands that “*they shall envy him, and those like him, who envy them nothing*,” “*le droit de rester fideles à leur passé, aux sollicitudes de l’esprit, aux aspirations de la liberté*.” “*I write*,” he says, “*for my own satisfaction and that of a small number of dotards, antiquaries, maniacs if you please, like myself, who interest themselves in the study of institu-*

tions which we no longer possess, but which once were our own, and which seem still to my unenlightened intelligence deserving of envy and admiration.” He suggests, with a delicate wit, that the study of English liberty, which he designates as an “*archéologie contemporaine*,” may be permitted to amuse the leisure of a Continental recluse, perhaps as well as “*a commentary on the comedies of Plautus, or a disquisition on the sources of the Nile*.”

It is from this point of view that M. de Montalembert hurls at the absolutist, and especially the religious, press of the Continent the destructive bolts of his scathing sarcasm. He dissects to its roots the source of the malignant pleasure with which the threatened destruction of our Indian Empire was everywhere hailed, but nowhere with such undissembled cynicism as in the Royalist and Catholic journals of France. “*I felt what every intelligent Liberal feels, that this attitude of the Continental press on the question of India is only one more demonstration of that great fact which is the immortal honour of contemporary England. All the apologists of absolutism, ancient or modern, monarchical or democratic, are against her; for her, on the other hand, are all those who yet remain faithful to that well-regulated liberty of which she has been the cradle, and of which she remains to this day the invincible bulwark*.”

We cannot at this moment borrow more largely from a composition whose spirit is too refined to admit of extraction, and whose sentiments are so weighty that the process of condensation is already exhausted. Content to refer our readers to the original of a panegyric which shines not more by its intrinsic brilliancy than by its extraordinary rarity, we must pass to the consideration of that section of the discourse which alone partakes of a tone of censure and regret. It is not without pain that we hear from the lips of such a critic the expression of the “*indignation which must be excited by the excessive rigour of the punishments inflicted on the vanquished or captive rebels*.” After making all allowance for the terrible provocation—after shaming our French accusers by the example of the atrocities committed by their armies in France and in the Tyrol, and still more by the butchers of the Convention in La Vendée (he might have added by the Royalists under Louis XIV. in the Palatinate)—still, says M. de Montalembert, “*I am not the less convinced that the just measure of repression has been over-passed, and that these executions en masse of captured Sepoys, systematically continued after the first ebullition of grief lashed into passion by unheard-of atrocities, will imprint an indelible blot on the history of the English dominion in India. It was no longer justice—it had become vengeance. A people really free should leave this miserable privilege of cruelty to revolted slaves. A Christian people ought to know that it is at once unlawful and impossible for it to compete with heathen races in a rivalry of torture. It belongs to the English gentlemen who direct the military and political operations between the Indus and the Ganges, to know how to resist the odious language of the Anglo-Indian press*.”

But how are we to answer M. de Montalembert? We, indeed, know that our case is good, and that the conscience of our country is clear. We know that English gentlemen have not been wanting in the sacred duties to which M. de Montalembert invites them. They have resisted, not the “*odious language*” of the “*Anglo-Indian*” press alone, but the shallow and malignant outcry which has assailed their characters at home. M. de Montalembert was unfortunately in England just at the moment when English journalism was infected with the cowardly panic which it had contracted from the terrors of the Calcutta shopkeepers. The cry against “*Clemency*” Canning was not the invention of the Indian press—it was the coinage of the *Times*, which professed to be so much scandalized at the Ellenborough despatch. When we remember the false and truculent libels which were published against Mr. J. P. Grant, because he was supposed not to have given in to the fashionable doctrine of indiscriminate vengeance, how can we wonder if M. de Montalembert has been led to take for acted realities the horrors which the English press seemed insatiably to demand. But, happily, between the blind and panic-stricken fury of journalism and the reputation of the English people stood the wisdom of that system of Government whose true value M. de Montalembert has so thoroughly appreciated, and which was equal to the emergency it was called upon to encounter. An atrocity of language and cruelty of spirit, foreign to the English nation, were the offspring of a mortal panic. We owe it to the courage of our Indian Government that these deeds of shame were never, in fact, executed; but we also owe it to the cowardice of a portion of our press that they are still believed against us. Since the crisis of the danger has passed away, and with it the fears which it inspired, even journalists have begun to recollect that they are Englishmen and Christians. The cry for indiscriminate vengeance is no longer heard, and the English press is no longer disgraced by savage diatribes against those statesmen who in the moment of peril had the courage to maintain unshaken the principles of mercy and justice.

We might perhaps have appealed to this altered tone as a proof that the sentiments on behalf of which M. de Montalembert protests have resumed their sway. But unfortunately, just at this moment, there appears one of those raw-head and bloody-bones articles which have disgraced the English name through the length and breadth of Europe. In all the egotism of self-justification the *Times* endeavours to make out that all the barbarities which

it clamoured for have been carried into effect—that “Clemency” Canning was indeed not clement—and that Mr. J. P. Grant was the butcher which he was abused for not having become. This eagerness to establish the reputation of being a good prophet at the expense of proving oneself a bad patriot, would be ridiculous if it were not shocking. But the *Times* seems to feel that it has lately been found out too often in the wrong to allow of its missing any opportunity to prove itself in the right. So it labours to establish, in verification of its own sanguinary clamour, that already of the Bengal Sepoys 80 per cent have fallen by the sword, and that the remaining 20 cannot, and must not be spared. It is singular enough that the *Times* should seem to imagine that the fact of the cruelties which it advocates having been in effect practised would in some unexplained manner improve its own moral position. It argues as though a man who recommends his neighbour to kill his wife were in some measure justified if the woman really is murdered—we suppose, on the principle that that which has been must have been, and therefore ought to have been. But the true answer, both to the *Times* and to M. de Montalembert, who has been deceived by the *Times*, is that these things are not so. The story of the massacre of the eighty per cent., on which the advocates of indiscriminate slaughter so strongly rely for their justification, is as false as the hideous fables of mutilation which were fabricated to inflame the passions and exasperate the rage of an alarmed people. There may have been here and there acts of individual cruelty in the hour of victory—there may have been hot and unnecessary slaughter. But the cold, calculating, cowardly vengeance which M. de Montalembert repudiates with so just an indignation, and of which the *Times* is so shameless an advocate—this we firmly believe is a stain from which the English name has been saved by the courage and the humanity of those English gentlemen to whom M. de Montalembert appeals. It is hard indeed to bear charges so grievous, while we know they are unjust. But how can we defend ourselves when the men who prove the case against us are our own witnesses? How are we to persuade the Continent of Europe that the English press in this matter has cruelly misrepresented English feeling and English policy? How can we expect even so friendly a critic as M. de Montalembert to do us justice, when we do so little justice to ourselves?

SEASIDE BOOKS IN FRANCE.

M. JULES JANIN has recently written a preface to a new edition of a novel which has been published at Paris within the last few months, and which has had a great success. This preface takes the shape of a letter addressed to one of his lady-friends, Madame Bernard. She is at the seaside, and it strikes M. Jules Janin that she would like a good and pleasant story. She is gone to be idle, and enjoy the fresh breezes of Treport with her husband and her child, but mere idleness is tiring, and she must have something to read. Fortunately M. Janin can accommodate her. He has a volume, very portable and very well printed; its contents are ingenious, affecting, and masterly. It is a romance, or rather a poem—a treasure of art which has all of poetry but the form. It is full of passion, of tenderness, and of grace. Suddenly the writing of the preface is interrupted by a letter from Madame Bernard herself. She writes to ask whether M. Janin has read this very same story, which she herself is about to begin to read for the third time. The book to which this is the preface is called *Fanny*. It is impossible to give any very detailed sketch of the plot, but the groundwork of the story is that the lover of Fanny is jealous of her husband—that he cannot bear to have his empire divided—that he is delighted when he makes her swear to obey his wishes, and plunged into an abyssal despair when he convinces himself that she forswears herself. Of the novel itself we do not wish to say much. It has the literary merit of painting vividly and succinctly a series of mental phases without the assistance of external action—it is a book which leaves a distinct impression. But it is not the story that is chiefly striking in the volume—it is the preface. It is the fact that a well-known author should recommend this story to a lady of his acquaintance as a pleasant study at the seaside—that the lady should write to say she is reading it at the seaside for the third time—and that both correspondents have given their names to the public. This takes us into an un-English world of manners and thought far more completely than the mere reading of the story. Adultery is to be found in every country; and it is very natural that there should be stories written to describe and glorify it. But when a lady lets the whole world know that she is spending her summer days in reading and re-reading a book of which the whole aim is to refine upon adultery by exaggerating every morbid feeling of susceptibility and curiosity that can attend it, this reveals to us a state of society which is utterly unlike anything we have in England.

If it requires to be said, let it be said as often and as plainly as possible, that it is a very great blessing that there is nothing like it in England. But if we are to speak of the Continent at all, and attempt to understand it, we must do something more than express disapprobation. We must set before us what is the thing of which we disapprove, and it is not very easy to do this. Really to enter into an alien habit of thought requires an effort of the mind. It is very easy to say that the Turks refer everything

to fate, but an appreciation of the difference caused by fatalism can only be attained by close examination of Oriental life, and by prolonged reflection on the consequences of introducing this new element into the working of the mind. So we cannot without some trouble understand that portion of French society which, retaining self-respect and its own moral standard, finds a fitting study for a lady at the seaside in what appear to us the revolting pages of *Fanny*. But it is worth while to make an effort to give as much distinctness as possible to the thoughts which these seaside studies awaken.

Stories like *Fanny* are accepted in France both as morally right and as morally useful. Let it be assumed that it is the business of the novelist to paint life as it is, not to draw an ideal, or set up an example, and it is easy to see that the passions of the sexes may be held to claim a place in the sketch. The best fictions, those that take the greatest hold on mankind, are undoubtedly drawn from the life. And in every country the novelist is permitted to paint much that in strict morality is far from being blameless. The fighting, swearing, drinking duellist, who under different shapes has delighted Mr. Lever's readers through a series of years, is a character made entertaining by the novelist, but not an ideal or a model. What character in modern fiction is equal to Becky Sharpe as a piece of drawing, as a creation, lifelike and yet unique. But cheating creditors, and living on the follies of profligate old noblemen are things which women do, but which they certainly ought not to do. Of these things the novelist is permitted to speak. Among all wickednesses, why is he to refrain from speaking of that wickedness which occupies society so greatly, which agitates individuals so profoundly, which gives a typical complexion to the whole relations of men and women? And if he is to speak of it on the plea that his business is to draw from the life, why should he not speak plainly, openly, and faithfully? The French do not think the English novelist right in point of morals, but wrong in point of art. They accuse him of an abandonment of one part of his task, out of deference to a purely conventional prudery. They themselves are not deterred from painting a scarlet lady scarlet, when they find her a conspicuous object in the foreground. They frequent a world where passion is allowed to have free play, and where the free play of passion is a prominent subject of interest and a prominent topic of discourse. What they see and hear they set down on paper. Sometimes they descend to mere coarseness and indecency, but generally they keep tolerably clear of this, because it is a low walk of art. The physical sensations are a part of passion very inferior to the mental feelings, and the highest line of art is to explore those feelings to the uttermost. This is the success which *Fanny* is considered to have achieved. It has taken one of the most difficult problems to work out—the analysis of a morbid jealousy—and it has put the results of the analysis in an impressive shape. The characters necessary to intensify the position have been skilfully conceived. The woman is the sort of woman to keep the jealousy alive, the lover is the sort of man to feel it, the husband is the sort of man to provoke it. Of course the conditions under which the problem is worked out are often brutally animal, but it is the working out of the problem that is supposed to be the real drift of the book. The problem is a difficult one, and its solution, psychologically clever, is expressed with artistic management and brevity. Morality is not allowed to say that the artist is on an impermissible ground, for he is on the ground of real life. Therefore the book is judged of simply by its success. M. St. Beuve, perhaps the best known and most finished critic in France, sings its praises in the *Moniteur*, and superior-minded ladies study it at the seaside.

But *Fanny*, and such books as *Fanny*, are also pronounced to be morally useful. M. Jules Janin distinctly advocates the perusal of the book on this ground; and generally, whenever we receive a French novel that is, according to English notions, especially immoral, we are sure to find that the author or his friends expressly claim a peculiar moral tendency for the work. At first sight this seems absurd; but the French are perfectly serious. The novelist finds himself in a society where there is no moral standard forbidding the free play of passion. There may be a religious one, but then a religious one only operates on the devout. The novelist himself has, we must suppose, come to the conclusion that some restraint ought to be imposed. The reasons of his conclusion, or the limits within which it is confined, he seldom ventures to tell us explicitly; but we must accept his statement, that he has somehow, and in some degree, arrived at the conclusion. He asks himself how he is to impress this conclusion on others; and it seems to him that his best method is to employ the very realism which is imposed on him by his sense of art. In order to deter from adultery, he will show what adultery really is. It would be hopeless, and, as perhaps he would himself think, nonsensical, to prove that it is wrong, but he can prove that it is very miserably uncomfortable. The lover will not care for remote consequences—he or she will take their chance, and will trust to prudence to escape detection, and to courage to bear being detected. But if the moralist can show that the mental torture which is the sure accompaniment is of the most refined and exquisite kind, and that the more vivid the feeling and the more susceptible the heart, the more intense is the agony, he can appeal to the fears and the selfish wisdom of waverers.

The mere inconveniences of the situation, such as Juvenal describes, are not taken into account, because they are only

part of the adventure, and people take the pleasant and the unpleasant parts together; but if the mind is proved to be racked, not with the pangs of conscience, but by a pain necessarily arising out of the nature of the passion, then those who seek for more than an animal gratification may be warned. This, it seems to us, is what is meant when, to take the present instance, M. Jules Janin praises *Fanny* for its high moral purpose. It may be observed that this is an entirely different point of view from that taken by the satirist. A wholesale denunciation of vice, like that in the sixth satire of Juvenal, is intended not to awaken the prudence of individuals, but to keep up the moral tone of society, to raise a horror and detestation of the vice attacked, not to show that, if gratified, it brings more pain than pleasure. A satire speaks to the uncorrupted, and tries to place the laugh on the side of virtue. But the morality of French novels speaks to the immoral, and asks them to pause. Perhaps neither mode of succouring morality has any great effect; but if we are inclined to say that the French morality is utterly ludicrous because no one will care for it, we may remember that it is not so easy to say who are the exact persons that are likely to receive an appreciable moral benefit from reading the sixth satire of Juvenal.

If we understand why the French think such books as *Fanny* morally right and morally useful, we shall not indeed be tempted to agree with them, but we shall feel less wonder at Madame Bernard's seaside studies. The morality by which she guides her reading is different from ours, but it has a sort of method and reason of its own. At the same time, we should like to know who and how many there are among women of character and reputation in France who would sit on the shore of Treport reading *Fanny* for the third time. This is a question to which it is most difficult to obtain an answer, as every one speaks of the one circle with which he is familiar. The only fact we have ever been able to arrive at is that the ladies of Protestant families in France, as a rule, eschew these novels. It is not that they are more religious, but their education has been much more secular, and they are interested in a wider range of subjects than Catholic women. We do not wish to lay any great stress on this, or to claim a religious triumph. All sects who are in a respectable minority are on their good behaviour. The ladies of the Catholic families of England, for example, are conspicuous for being all that women ought to be. But simply as a matter of fact, we believe that the standard of morality among the Protestants of France is almost identical with the English standard. And we are so wedded in England to the belief that a secular education strengthens morality, that we cannot refuse to receive with pleasure any fact that seems to establish our position.

LINES BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

AMONGST the many literary fashions which have almost entirely passed away, that of writing after the manner of Pope stands in the first rank. The arts of invoking the muse, of rolling up Isaiah and Virgil into a compound addressed to the "Nymphs of Solyma," and of thinking in couplets with a sort of crisis in the second line, are in our time cultivated almost exclusively by schoolboys, or by the authors of prize poems; though, indeed, for aught we know to the contrary, it is perfectly possible that they may have followed the rest of the world in worshipping Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Ruskin. We are so constantly disgusted at the affectation and priggishness of our modern lovers of simplicity, and are so frequently led to regret the wonderful weight, condensation, and manliness of thought which Pope put into his verses, that it is well that we should occasionally be reminded that the imitation of Pope was perhaps a drearier employment than the imitation of Mr. Tennyson. It is hard to imagine a more grotesque figure than a man who dresses himself up in a periwig, knee-breeches, and a Roman toga, and who waits for inspiration in that costume with a serene confidence that his costume, though a little old-fashioned, is the most graceful dress in the world. Lord Carlisle is an amiable and accomplished nobleman, and being imbued with that taste for literary orthodoxy which is so natural to one who combines high rank with a good education, he has published, in decasyllabic verse, a paraphrase of the 8th chapter of Daniel. He does so "principally with the view of calling increased attention to it at the present period," but partly in order, as the Preface intimates, to administer a gentle rebuke to Mr. Buckle's theory of the philosophy of history, by pointing out that if the prophecy in question is in all respects authentic, it establishes the inspiration of Scripture, the providential government of the world, and the probability that the end of the present dispensation is close at hand. There is a sort of *saleté* in his lordship's stately admission that he "is not aware how far critical research and investigation have been brought to bear upon the composition of the Book of the Prophet Daniel." We should have supposed that it was matter of notoriety that the authenticity of the very prophecy which he has paraphrased has been more warmly debated than that of almost any part of the Bible. Unless we are greatly mistaken, Lord Carlisle need look no further than to the Life of Dr. Arnold to find that that very eminent man entertained grave doubts on the subject.

Passing, however, from this to the paraphrase itself, we feel ourselves, when we read it, carried back to the age of holiday

tasks in a manner which is at once amusing and a little absurd. In the vision, as our readers know, Daniel saw a ram "pushing eastward and northward and southward, so that no beast might stand before him." "As I was considering, an he-goat came from the west," with "a notable horn between his eyes." The goat overthrows the ram, after which his horn is broken, and four other horns spring from it. Out of one of them springs a little horn, which "waxes exceeding great," and "by him was the daily sacrifice taken away." Further on in the chapter, the goat is explained to be the King of Greece; and the little horn to be "a king of fierce countenance, understanding dark sentences," who "shall destroy wonderfully, and prosper." The chapter also contains some obscure and mysterious passages usually interpreted to refer to the coming of the Messiah, and prospectively to the end of the world. Such is the vision which Lord Carlisle undertakes to paraphrase in verse. He proceeds to discard the whole of the imagery, and to make Daniel talk in the first person singular, foretelling events in exactly the sort of style in which one of our own platform orators would commemorate them. The comparison between Daniel's prose and Lord Carlisle's poetry is indescribably ludicrous. To enable our readers to appreciate it, we place a sample of them side by side:—

DAN. viii.

5. Behold an he-goat came from the west, on the face of the whole earth, and touched not the ground: and the goat had a notable horn between his eyes.

6. And he came to the ram that had two horns, which I had seen standing before the river, and ran unto him in the fury of his power.

7. And I saw him come close unto the ram, and he was moved with choler against him, and smote the ram, and brake his two horns: and there was no power in the ram to stand before him, but he cast him down to the ground and stamped upon him: and there was none that could deliver the ram out of his hand.

LORD CARLISLE.

Yet from that West, in turn, more fierce alarms
Rouse the pale East to unexpected arms.

He comes, by gifted eye descried afar,
Monarch of men and thunderbolt of war.

Through the cleft air with lightning leap he springs,
O'er subject provinces and suppliant kings;

Speak, chaf'd Granicus—red Arbela, say
What gory horrors crowned each dreadful day?

See Media's elder diadem unbound—
See Persia's loftier sceptre kiss the ground;

Sea-girt in vain, mourn, desolated Tyre—
Wrap thy proud domes, Persepolis, in fire.

Him climes and tribes he knew not, learn to know,
The Parthian arrow and the Bactrian bow;

Indus his watery barrier rolls aside,
Hydaspes wafts him on his fabled tide,

The Hero-king adoring nations own,
And Asia kneels at Alexander's throne.

There would be something strangely bygone in the tone of such lines as these if they were original; but who can fancy Daniel talking in that way when he "saw in a vision and was by the river Ulai?" There is perfect consistency in the notion of a vision of a goat and a ram, and a battle between them; but surely no human power can imagine a more wonderful incongruity than that of making a prophet in the very agony of inspiration break out into such verse as—

"Speak, chaf'd Granicus—red Arbela, say,
What gory horrors crowned each dreadful day?"

The second line is particularly curious. It is perfectly good conventional poetry of an obsolete fashion, and might, no doubt, be matched by hundreds of similar lines from Pope's *Homer*; but it is possible to say exactly what it means? What is a "gory horror?" Are there several different kinds of gory horrors, as the form of the question seems to imply? and what precise image is intended to be conveyed by the metaphor of a gory horror crowning a dreadful day? The phrase, "there was no power in the ram to stand before him," sets a picture before our eyes at once; but we greatly doubt whether any one is likely to get much light even about "gory horrors" from chaf'd Granicus and red Arbela, however loudly he may call upon them.

Daniel, we need hardly observe, is far more explicit in Lord Carlisle's paraphrase than he was in the palace of Shushan. He gives the most precise account of the conquests of the Mahometans:—

"On Xeres' bank and Andalusia's plain
Cowers all the recreant chivalry of Spain;
Wealth sits enthron'd 'mid Cordova's high towers,
And science dwells in soft Granada's bowers."

But in the course of time the false prophet and his conquests are to pass away, the Euphrates is to be dried up, and the Millennium to begin—

"Foul Bigotry, avaunt! fierce Discord, cease—
Earth, sea, and sky be glad before the Prince of Peace."

And so the Vision ends.

As our readers will have observed, Lord Carlisle has learnt his lesson well. The versification is remarkably good of its kind. It is terse, spirited, grammatical, and—except where such conventional blemishes as that of the "gory horrors" obscure it—very intelligible. The absurdity of the poem consists in the fact that these good gifts are so woefully out of place. That Daniel should exclaim "Foul bigotry, avaunt!" is as wonderful as that he

should break out into fine writing about "soft Granada" and "Cordova's high towers." It is a curious thing that an accomplished peer should really think that he is doing a service to orthodox belief by so very singular a process; and it may, perhaps, be taken as evidence of the conventional view which men are apt to take of the contents of the Bible, that such a person should fancy that a prophecy would gain by being so very explicit, or that it looks more impressive when tricked out with every sort of modern phrase, than when it is left in the figurative form in which it was originally written. At all events, it is worth while to glance for a moment at what, in our days, is almost a unique specimen of a kind of literature which was once so popular. It is not every day, in these degenerate times, that we have the happiness of being entertained with a poetical piece by a Person of Quality.

SOCIOLOGY AT WORK.

IF truth resides at the bottom of a well, common sense and practical wisdom are to be found, if elsewhere, at any rate in places as inconvenient and inaccessible. While noblemen and gentlemen are speech-making and theorizing about social science at Liverpool, very ordinary folks are working the thing out at Chorleybury. Now as the fame of Liverpool is to that of Chorleybury, so, in exactly inverse proportion, do we rate the merits of what is doing respectively at that famous town and that once infamous hamlet. We never heard, we candidly own, of Chorleybury, till this present week, and the only notice of its questionable reputation survives in the apt answer of the national schoolboy, who, when the question Where do the heathen live? replied, At Chorleybury. But where is Chorleybury, and what are its special contributions to Sociology? asks the learned essayist or lecturer from Liverpool. Chorleybury, we reply—and fresh from the study of the Ordnance map we are up to the subject—is a little hamlet some twenty miles from London, in a district just as wild and boorish as the East Riding. The Misendens, the Chenies, the Chalfonts, the Cheshams, are, we should consider, or were lately, as backward in the march of civilization as Cornwall; but from Rickmansworth across to Wycombe and up to Amersham, and across again to Berkhamstead, and down again to Rickmansworth, this suburban tract of country embraces a land as wild and thinly populated as any in England. The large woods and hungry Chiltern soil account for much of the backwardness of the neighbourhood. There is, however, an element of civilization, or at least of imported wealth into this region. The streams Chess and Coln are famous for trout and paper-mills, and Rickmansworth and one or two other of these famous townships seem to combine urban sins and rustic stupidity in an eminent degree. Chesham made itself conspicuous in a remarkable case of complicated incest and adultery last year. However, to cut short this dissertation on the ethnological characteristics of the home county of South-west Hertfordshire, we proceed to Chorleybury—which, by the way, the maps call Charley Wood, whether connected with the late Chancellor of the Exchequer we know not.

Now, as we have said, at Liverpool lately a great Congress met to discuss Sociology. The proper study of mankind being man, as Mr. Pope remarks, the philosophers there present did discuss man; and Mr. Acton and some others discussed woman also, and in disquisitions which, on the whole, were somewhat more philosophical than decent—at least so the Sociological talk seemed to unphilosophic bystanders. And it was all very well. Very deep and very exhaustive, and now and then exhausting, were the preachers. Much edifying talk was talked, though occasionally of the obfuscated, and not seldom of the obfuscating, kind; and after the whole Congress was at an end, the poor man doubtless pondered over all these lay sermons of this luminous body. His reflection would be, How very kind of the gentlefolks to talk so much about us poor folks! But what next? Whether Liverpool and its Sociology will end in talk we are far from asserting; but its speciality is that it began in talk. Now, what begins in talk often ends in talk; and sociology, we must say, is a vast deal too complete, and scientific, and exact, and comprehensive at starting, for us to augur entire success from it. Generally speaking, great results arise from small practical beginnings. Growth is the condition of success; and in this aspect Chorleybury presents a contrast very striking to Liverpool.

Well, then, at last, to come to Chorleybury at work—at Chorleybury, near Rickmansworth—Chorleybury, where the heathen are said to dwell—a few years ago certain cottage allotments were made, as they have been made in thousands of other places. Cottage allotments are good things in their way, but they are not final. They keep the cottager out of the beer-shop; they give a little healthful interesting work to children, and they provoke a little stimulating competition in the rustic mind as to the competing size of carrots and increase of onions; and if cottage gardens only encouraged domestic economy they would be an unmitigable good. But more may be made of them, and the clergy and gentlefolks of those parts may wish that they could build on the foundation of these cottage allotments. Being born sociologists before sociology was heard of—that is, plain, honest, intelligent, right-minded workers—they thought of turning these cottage allotments to further good. Who these Chorleybury sages are we know not—they present a remarkable contrast to the great men of the Liverpool meeting. Not many mighty nor many learned natives of that wild woodland are known to fame. Mr. Gee

and Mr. Scrivenor, two local clergymen, and Mr. Longman, one, we suppose, of "our fathers in the Row," are the only names which occur in our chronicles of Chorleybury; but last week these gentlemen held a sort of village festival, which was briefly reported in the *Times*, but which we think deserves a more pointed notice than it has gained. Ostensibly the Chorleybury fête—it was only in the village school—was to assign prizes to cottagers for big parsnips and prolific pulse and leeks; but Mr. Longman took occasion, in a sensible speech, to give the history—a plain and simple one—of the regeneration of Chorleybury, which being a very straightforward and commonplace methodical affair, deserves attention, and may stand for a type and example of village social progress.

First, a village association was formed in connexion with the allotment. When the prizes were given, a supper followed, and the men and women met the ladies and gentlemen at an annual feast. Then followed lectures in connexion with this guild or association; but lectures, experience proves it, are but idle work unless something is built upon them, and the members of the Chorleybury Association are encouraged to write down their recollections of these lectures. Wonderful, and yet encouraging, it is to find that this sensible hint was accepted, and that a good many young people actually did write their account of what they had heard. This is making lectures into real substantial learning, and it is a hint most profitable and suggestive. In the train of these improvements have followed a rent-savings fund, a parish library, and other associated works.

All this we take the liberty of calling attention to as something very practical and hopeful because commonplace. It costs absolutely nothing—the machinery is simplicity itself—the results are what we see. Several village labourers—hard, horny-handed tillers of the soil—have laid aside their clownish bashfulness. Cymon is touched by the ethereal spark, and intelligence and healthy emulation, as well as thrift and self-respect, are struck out of the thick, dull clay. Very many boys and girls have sent in their little essays; and for once here is a mechanics' institute, without the name, doing what mechanics' institutes have always failed to do. What is done at Chorleybury may be done anywhere—more unmanageable materials it would be hard to find. Cheap, simple, and successful, it wants but an active clergyman and a sensible squire, and there is not a village parish in England which might not set about this unostentatious experiment; and Mr. Longman, though he worthily represents, by no means exhausts the class of public benefactors. Many local squires would do something for their people if they only knew how to set about it. Here is a plan which nobody can say is too hard to try.

REVIEWS.

CARLYLE'S HISTORY OF FREDERICK II.

Second Notice.

THE first remark which occurs to the reader of Mr. Carlyle's two volumes is, that they contain little which relates to Frederick's life, and that the story has only arrived at the commencement of his reign. More than half the first volume is devoted to the history of Brandenburg and of the House of Hohenzollern, and the remainder of the work contains a detailed biography of Frederick's famous or notorious father. There is no European history so little known in England as that of the German Empire; and those who have attempted to dispel their ignorance by the aid of indigenous writers will readily confirm Mr. Carlyle's judgment, that the Prussian or German Dryasdust excels in dreariness and in absence of method any Dryasdust ever known. "He writes big books wanting in almost every quality, and does not even give an *Index* to them." The laborious and useful Ranke might have been thought to exhaust the art of confusion in his labyrinthian *History of the Popes*, but a reference to his *History of Prussia* will show that German erudition can never be fully appreciated until it is employed on German subjects.

The history of the Empire from the elevation of Henry the Fowler to the fall of the Hohenstauffen is more brilliant and more important than that of France, or even that of England, during the same period; but dynasty after dynasty unfortunately wore out, and the traditional claims of the Emperors in Italy brought them into inevitable collision with the Popes. Rome may well be proud of the malignant influence which reduced the great central kingdom to a loose federation, never during six hundred years to resume its national existence. The rise of the monarchy which for Northern Germany supplies the place of the ancient *Reich*, can nowhere be studied so easily or so advantageously as in Mr. Carlyle's vivid summary. The biographical form of the narrative is the more suitable, inasmuch as Prussia was created by no political attraction or geographical necessity, but by the energetic ambition of a family which eventually consolidated its estates into a kingdom. The Rhine provinces are to this day separated by foreign territories from the vast dominions which extend from Hanover and the Saxon duchies to the borders of Russia; and down to the latter part of the eighteenth century, the Polish province of West-Prussia was interposed between the original Electorate of Brandenburg, and the district of East-Prussia which conferred the Royal title. A corresponding result from

similar causes may be seen on a small scale where the petty county of Cromarty is split in dribbles across the map of Scotland. Like the Highland Earl of former times, the Hohenzollern dynasty contrived to procure or to originate a charter of incorporation for its possessions. Mr. Carlyle traces the March of Brandenburg from its origin in a frontier district or debatable land between Germany and the heathen Wends. The martyrdom of St. Adalbert, who "stamped his life on it in the form of a crucifix," prepared the way for conquest, and for the conversion of a nation which worshipped "the god Triglyph, ugliest and stupidest of all false gods." The mixture of force and argument which prevailed over the primitive populations of Eastern Europe is set out with admirable perspicuity in the instance of the Brandenburg Wends. At liberty to be convinced, with the alternative of incessant war and gradual extermination, the barbarous tribes had every motive for perceiving the superiority of the Christian objects of worship to Triglyph. The grandson of Mistevoi, a persecuting Wendish King—

Was so zealous, that he went about with the missionary preachers and interpreted their German into Wendish. "Oh my poor Wends, there, will you hear, or else hell for ever, that is the reality." Such "difference between right and wrong" no Wend had ever heard of before—quite tremendous—"important, if true." And doubtless it impressed many. There are heavy Dittmarsch strokes for the unimpressible. By degrees all got converted, though many were killed first; and one way or other, the Wends are preparing to efface themselves as a distinct people.

From the Scotch and Welsh Lords of the Marches to the Commissioner of the Punjab, the rulers of newly-conquered frontier provinces bordering on uncivilized tribes have always been among the principal functionaries of expanding empires; but when two or three families of Markgraves, afterwards Electors, had passed away, Brandenburg, now lapsed to the family of the Luxemburg Emperor, was no longer the frontier of Germany. Sigismund—*super Grammaticum* is so called by Mr. Carlyle because he justified a false concord at the Council of Constance by the lofty remark, *Egosum Rex Romanus, et super Grammaticum*. This potentate, in 1417, transferred the Electorate to Frederick of Hohenzollern, Burggraf of Nuremberg, in satisfaction of a heavy mortgage; and from that time forward the importance of the province in German politics depended exclusively on the abilities of its rulers. At a later period, another scion of the Hohenzollern family secularized in his own favour the province of Prussia which he governed as Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, and on the extinction of his race his acquisition fell in pursuance of family compacts, to the chief of the house. The Duchy of Cleves, and the claims on the Cleve Julich provinces, were inherited through the same branch of the family; and the Franconian principalities had been acquired by various methods before the removal of Frederick, the first Elector, from Nuremberg. A portion of Pomerania, which fell in after the Thirty Years' War, completes the list of territories which formed the Prussian kingdom at the accession of Frederick the Great; but the Emperors had taken advantage of the weakness of the Electors to appropriate Liegnitz and Jägerndorf, in Silesia, and it was not in the character of the Hohenzollerns to acquiesce in a compulsory sacrifice after the force which imposed it had been removed. Frederick, the first King of Prussia, had undoubtedly contributed to the greatness of his family by assuming the crown in 1700, which Mr. Carlyle—forgetting that the first year was not the year 0, but the year 1—erroneously calls the first year of the century. His son, Frederick William I., spent his life in the successful accumulation of money and of troops, and the long progress of aggrandizement seemed to be completed when a consummate general and ruler succeeded to the Prussian throne. In 1813, the nation for the first time voluntarily contributed to its own greatness by bringing the unprecedented proportion of a twentieth part of its gross population into the field against the common enemy of Europe, and consequently the monarchy at the present day is considerably more extensive than the Prussia of Frederick the Great.

Mr. Carlyle's chief interest in the steady progress of the Hohenzollerns is derived from the illustration which it furnishes his favourite doctrines, that human character and agency predominate over external circumstances, and that the condition and test of permanent success consist in obedience to the laws of nature and of truth. There can be no doubt that the ancestors of Frederick the Great were distinguished by a traditional vigour and steadiness, but it is the nature of power and of wealth to accumulate in the absence of counteracting causes. "Rolling stones gather no moss," and the Hohenzollerns had sufficient practical sense to sit still when they had found a seat. For three centuries in Nuremberg, and afterwards for four centuries in Berlin, they had the opportunity of assimilating the acquisitions which policy, or strength, or inheritance might procure. They had also the wisdom, by the family Gera bond of 1598, to enact that "the Electorate, unlike all others in Germany, should remain indivisible. Law of primogeniture, here if nowhere else, is to be in full force; and only the Culmbach territory (if otherwise unoccupied) can be split off for younger sons. Culmbach can be split off, and this again withal can be split if need be into two, Baireuth and Anspach, but not in any case further. Which household law was strictly obeyed thenceforth." A single prudent law may be the result of individual wisdom, but it supersedes as far as it goes the subsequent need of personal interference. The rise of Brandenburg, in comparison

with Saxony, is fully explained by the single institution of primogeniture. The Saxon Electors were not inferior to their Northern neighbours, and Maurice, who established the supremacy of the younger branch, was an abler and more energetic prince than any Hohenzollern before the time of the Great Elector; but it is useless to build up an estate which is liable to be subdivided in each successive generation. The law of inheritance which prevailed among the German princes was incompatible with greatness, for the same reason which renders the *Code Napoléon* fatal to constitutional freedom.

The great and sound lesson which Mr. Carlyle has made it his business to teach is, that honesty, veracity, and conformity to the law of justice are indispensable even to external success. The truth which he so earnestly preaches as the first of human duties is something far more comprehensive than the simple coincidence of language with belief. The truth must be known before it can be spoken, and it can only be fully tested in practice. A child might innocently repeat a statement that power was advantageously applied to the short arm of a lever, but until it tried the opposite plan, it would be blundering in a practical falsehood. According to Mr. Carlyle's phraseology, a man is called veracious, not when he says what he thinks, but when he knows what is actual, possible, and necessary, and regulates his conduct accordingly. Subjective truth possesses only an ethical value, and that of the humblest kind. To a sound judgment the obstinate belief in idiotic superstitions is almost more offensive than the hypocrisy which at least abstains from deceiving itself. Mr. Carlyle, believing in great immutable laws of order and of justice, utterly repudiates the theory that permanent greatness can be the result and reward of selfish cupidity. His paraphrase of a forged pamphlet called *Matinées du Roi de Prusse*, gives strong expression to the doctrine which he uniformly denounces:—

"We," says the spurious Frederick, "as I myself still do, have all along proceeded in the way of adroit Machiavelism, as skillful gamblers in this world's business, ardent gatherers of this world's goods, and in brief as devout worshippers of Beelzebub, the grand regulator and rewarder of mortals here below. Which creed we, the Hohenzollerns, have found, and I still find, to be the true one; learn it you, my prudent nephew, and let all men learn it. By holding steadily to that, and working early and late in such spirit, we are come to what you see, and shall advance still farther, if it please Beelzebub, who is generally kind to those who serve him well."

"As to the theory," Mr. Carlyle says, in commenting on his own version of the pamphlet—

I must needs say nothing can be more heretical or more damnable. My own poor opinion and deep conviction on that subject is well known this long while. And in fact the summary of all I have believed and have been trying as I could to teach mankind to believe again, is even that same opinion and conviction, applied to all provinces of things. Alas! in this his sad theory about the world, our poor impudent pamphleteer is by no means singular at present; nay, rather he has in a manner the whole practical part of mankind on his side just now, the more is the pity for us all. It is very certain, if Beelzebub made this world, our pamphleteer and the huge portion of mankind that follow him are right. But if God made the world, and only leads Beelzebub, as some ugly muzzled bear is led, a longer or shorter temporary dance in this divine world, and always draws him home again, and peels the unjust gain off him, and ducks him in a certain hot Lake, with sure intent to lodge him there to all eternity at last—then our pamphleteer and the huge portion of mankind who follow him are wrong.

The soundness of the doctrine is wholly independent of the opinion which is expressed of the present practical belief of mankind. It may probably be found that a simple faith in the difference of right and wrong is at least as widely diffused in England at this moment as in any former age or country; but sentimental and philanthropic declamation has done much to confuse popular morality. It is highly necessary to proclaim that conscience has its duties as well as its rights, and that no man is justified in believing a lie. The doctrine will not be less acceptable to intelligent minds because it is expressed in figurative or paradoxical language. Even in the days of social science, Beelzebub may still be accepted as a type of evil, of perversity, and of falsehood. Those who are unable to profit by Mr. Carlyle's moral teaching may remember with satisfaction that, whatever may be his philosophic merits, he is, after his own fashion, an incomparable narrator. The individual vitality which he bestows on a dozen successive Electors, and on their principal contemporaries, is a masterpiece of historical skill. The share of Albert Alcibiades of Brandenburg in Charles V.'s famous siege of Metz, gives occasion for a memorable picture:—

It had depended on Albert, who hung in the distance with an army of his own, whether the siege could even begin, but he joined the Kaiser, being reconciled again, and the trenches opened. By the valour of Guise and his chivalry, still more perhaps by the iron frosts and sleeting rains of winter, and the hungers and hardships of a hundred thousand men digging vainly at the ice-bound earth, or tramping it when slooting into seas of mud, and themselves sinking into it, of dysentery, famine, toil and despair, as they cannonaded day and night, Metz could not be taken. "Impossible," said the "Generals with one voice, after trying it for a couple of months. "Try it one other ten days," said the Kaiser with a gloomy fixity; "let us all die or else do it." They tried with double desperation another ten days, cannon booming through the winter midnight far and wide, fourscore miles round:—"Cannot be done, your Majesty—cannot—the winter and the mud, and Guise, and the walls—man's strength cannot do it this season—we must march away." Karl listened in silence, but the tears were seen to run down his proud face, now not so young as it once was. "Let us march, then," he said, in a low voice after some pause.

A careful study of this noble passage will illustrate the assertion which has been already made, that Mr. Carlyle rises out of his peculiar mannerism, as his copyists rise into it. It may also be worth while to observe, that although the style is not so easy to

write as the conventional prose of history, the graphic and poetical description is far easier to read and to remember.

The Hohenzollern race was strong enough to bear with one weak successor to its honours, although the tenth Elector unfortunately fell on the period of the Thirty Years' War. George William, in default of spirit to take a decided part in the great contest, suffered alternately from the Swedes and from the Imperial troops, until his country was brought to the brink of destruction. It is happily, however, not in the power of one man, or of a single generation, to destroy a country which has escaped dismemberment, and the Great Elector more than repaired the losses of his weak and timid father. His winter expedition against the Swedes, on the shores of the Baltic, will not easily be forgotten:—

Frederick William hastily gathers all the sledges, all the horses of the district, mounts some four thousand men on sledges; starts with the speed of light in that fashion—scours along all day, and after the intervening bit of land, again along, awakening the ice-bound silences. Gloomy Frische Hof, wrapt in its winter cloud-coverids, with its wastes of tumbled sand, its poor frost-bound fishing hamlets, pine hillocks, hears unexpected human voices, and huge grinding and trampling; the Four Thousand in long fleet of sledges scouring across it in that manner. All day they rush along—out of the rimy hazes of morning into the olive-coloured clouds of evening again, and do arrive in time at Gilge.

Mr. Carlyle, in his partiality to the Hohenzollerns, is scarcely inclined to agree with the wife of Frederick I. in her declaration to Leibnitz, that she knew all about the "infinitely little." The most interesting part of his history consists in the character of the Queen herself, and in the account of the troubles—

which she had the art to take up, not in the tragic way, but in the mildly comic, often not to take up at all, but leave lying there, and thus to manage in a handsome and softly victorious manner. With delicate female tact, with fine female stoicism, too, keeping all things within limits, . . . Leibnitz found her of an almost troublesome sharpness of intellect; "Wants to know the why even of the why," said Leibnitz. That is the way of female intellects when they are good; nothing equals their acuteness; and their rapidity is almost excessive.

Her rough and vigorous son, Frederick William I., inherited as little of his mother's intellectual grace as of his father's combinatorial ostentation; but force of character is still transmitted in the blood, although it manifests itself through successive generations in the most opposite forms.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF WESLEY.*

WE are very glad to see that, amongst other new editions, Southey's *Life of Wesley* has found a place. It is a book which has a very great and a very peculiar charm. Coleridge left behind him a memorandum requesting that his copy might be returned to the author and donor, with the information that it was more often in his hand than any of his other books, and that he was accustomed to resort to it "whenever sickness and languor made me feel the want of an old friend, of whose company I could never be tired." The present, like the third edition, contains Coleridge's MS. notes, and also, by way of appendix, the well-known dissertation on the character of Wesley by Mr. Alexander Knox, who was intimately acquainted with him during the last twenty-five years of his long life. Though Mr. Knox dissented in some particulars from Southey, he expressed, like Coleridge, the warmest admiration of the general tone of his book. Great as are the differences between the literary tastes of different generations, we do not believe that any one would hesitate to confirm in the strongest manner the opinions of these critics. There is hardly a passage in the book which may not be read again and again with increasing pleasure, and every part of the story suggests considerations of the very highest interest. The late Professor Smythe, in one of his lectures, describes the reigns of George I. and George II. as an historical Zuyder Zee. Dr. Arnold, with more justice, called the eighteenth century the seed-time of modern Europe; but in whichever light the period is to be viewed, there is no doubt at all that no event which happened in it in this country can be compared either in interest or in significance to the growth of Methodism. Whether it be considered in its political, in its theological, or in its social aspects, it is equally entitled to the first place in any English history of the time to which it belongs. Apart from the intrinsic importance of the subject, the *Life of Wesley* is remarkable as being perhaps the best specimen of the many works which attest Southey's extraordinary mastery over the English language. It is written as easily, as forcibly, and as neatly as the *Life of Nelson* itself; and it would be impossible to give it higher praise in respect of its characteristic excellences. We must not pass over without special notice the notes and appendix with which the book is illustrated. Annotation was Coleridge's forte. He had not room on the margin of a book to spread himself out into those illimitable quagmires of thought which, in his set treatises, weary out all but his most enthusiastic disciples; nor was he, under such circumstances, nearly so nervous about his reputation for orthodoxy as he used to be when he was engaged upon a work destined, as he seems to have thought, to fix the creed of Christendom. His *Literary Remains* have always seemed to us to be far the most instructive of all

his writings, but we do not know any part of that remarkable collection of superior interest to his notes upon the *Life of Wesley*. Mr. Knox's speculations on Wesley's personal character are hardly less curious. He may be considered as having been one of the first of the modern school of high churchmen; and his connexion with, and enthusiastic admiration of, Wesley have thus a very high theological and philosophical interest.

It is needless to dwell upon the circumstances connected with the original rise and diffusion of Wesleyan Methodism. They are no doubt sufficiently familiar to most of our readers, but the mental history of Wesley himself, and the relation which his proceedings bear to the state of things which at present exists amongst us, are questions of more interest, and are perhaps of a somewhat less familiar character. Nothing, indeed, can be less exact than the floating popular notion about Wesley's character. He is usually looked upon as the leader of the most formidable of modern secessions from the Church of England, and his name is not unfrequently associated with the strictest and least popular of all forms of theology. Nothing, however, can be more certain than that his personal predilections were all in the other direction. Whatever his practice may have been, he was in theory a High Churchman throughout the whole of his career; and not only did he denounce Calvinism in language so vehement that in another person it would have been considered extremely profane, but as he grew older, he would appear to have softened down nearly all the doctrines which are usually considered to be characteristic of Methodism, and to have preached in a strain which led Coleridge to declare that "the subtle poison of the easy chair had begun to work on him towards the end of his life." It would be impossible within our limits even to sketch the principal features of the process by which this change was brought about. Some of the steps of it are vigorously described by Mr. Knox in the appendix to which we have already referred, but one or two points connected with it may be shortly adverted to, in order to show the imperfection and inadequacy of the popular view of Wesley's character.

The most distinctive feature in Methodism during its earlier history was unquestionably to be found in the number of instantaneous conversions, as they were technically called, which it produced. The notion that an instantaneous change from darkness to light—from death to life—is an ordinary and all but essential feature of Christian life, is still maintained by many persons. The difficulty of obtaining satisfactory evidence upon such a subject is almost insuperable in any case, and it is usually increased by the circumstance that few of those who undergo it are much in the habit of studying the operations of their own minds. Wesley, however, presented what was to some extent an exception to this general rule. His conduct, reflections, and opinions are all before the world, recorded by himself with no common power. Amongst the incidents of his life, his conversion of course occupies a most conspicuous position. We are informed of the day and hour of its occurrence. It took place at a prayer meeting in Aldersgate-street, "about a quarter before nine," on the evening of the 24th May, 1738. All-important, however, as this date appears to have been in Wesley's view, it is very difficult, in reading his life, to find in it any corresponding solution of continuity. He was thirty-five years of age when it occurred. We can trace the growth of his mind, character, and opinions up to that point, through it, beyond it, and far on into latitudes of thought of a very different kind from those in which he then found himself. So that it is difficult to adopt the current notion about him, that he exemplified in his own life, and was the instrument of bringing about in the lives of others, a sort of quasi-miraculous moral resurrection. In his own instance, there would certainly seem to be very strong grounds for the belief that what he experienced amounted, in the words of Coleridge, "to little more than a strong pulse or throb of sensibility, accompanying a vehement volition of acquiescence, an ardent desire to find the position true, and a concurring determination to receive it as truth."

Another feature in his biography, which has perhaps hardly received the attention which it merits, is the nature of his own conception of the objects and character of Methodism. He looked upon it not as a separate religious body, but simply as a society composed of members of the Church of England, and intended to heighten their devotion. He delighted in looking on the Methodist preachers as persons engaged in an extraordinary service in consequence of the lethargy of the beneficed clergy. The position which he tried, and would have wished to occupy, would have been exactly analogous to that of the head of an order of preaching friars. All his sympathies, as we have already observed, were those of a clergyman and a high churchman; but he mistook the genius of the body to which he belonged.

It is usual to speak of his immense talents for government, and there can be no doubt that he possessed, in a very remarkable degree, the power of finding expedients to meet difficulties as they arose; but there can be as little doubt that he had not the great gift of seeing his object clearly, and steering a plain and consistent course towards its attainment. He unquestionably mistook his position, and set on foot a movement which tended with the greatest certainty in a direction in which he had originally the utmost possible reluctance to proceed. It has become fashionable to ascribe to remarkable men a capacity for excelling in pursuits in which, in fact, they did not excel. Mr. Carlyle has taught us that Burns had in him

* *The Life of Wesley, and the Rise and Progress of Methodism.* By Robert Southey, Esq., LL.D. New Edition, with Notes by the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Remarks on the Life and Character of John Wesley by the late Alexander Knox, Esq. London: Longmans. 1858.

the materials of a Prime Minister; Napoleon said something of the same kind of Corneille; and Lord Macaulay, if we are not mistaken, ascribed to Wesley a genius for government not inferior to that of Richelieu. Such an assertion is curiously inappropriate, not only to the founders of Methodism, but to the Society itself. Wesley's most characteristic difficulty in respect of his Society arose from the very circumstance that he was completely wanting in statesmanlike intellect; and the defect of his Society is, and always was, of the same kind. He found, he said, that when the Methodists grew rich they ceased to be zealous; but frugality, industry, and honesty, being Christian duties, he was bound to preach them. Hence came riches, and hence corruption; nor did he see any other mode of escaping from this vicious circle than that of prescribing it as an absolute Christian duty, binding on every man, to give away in charity whatever was not required to provide himself and his family with the strict necessities of life. It is impossible to imagine a more characteristic or a less statesmanlike difficulty. It was the fault of Wesley, and it is the fault of his successors, to be unable to appreciate more than one section of human life. There is no doubt ample evidence that he well knew how to adapt means to an end, but it is equally clear that he set on foot a vast and most powerful movement with a very inadequate notion of the consequences which it involved. It is impossible to imagine a more conclusive proof of this than the fact that he felt so keenly the impossibility of overcoming the difficulty which we have described. Almost the first requisite of a great religious reformer is that he should have distinct notions upon the nature and objects of human life in all its departments. It was one of the distinguishing features of the characters of most of the great divines of the Reformation, that they carried their views not only into theology, but into political and social life. Calvin, Luther, Knox, Hooker, and Grotius at a later time, had each a vast deal to say about the constitution of civil society, and about the duties which spring out of it; nor was this less true of the Puritans. But Methodism was quite another matter. Its object was, as Wesley was fond of saying, to "save souls"—which, during the greater part of his career, appears to have meant to produce a certain state of feeling in the minds of the persons to whom the preachers addressed themselves. It is unquestionably true that he and his followers succeeded in almost innumerable cases in producing the very strongest impression upon their hearers—an impression which often had force enough to cause very marked changes indeed in their life; but, the change having been produced, Methodism would appear to have guided its disciples but a very little way. It is surely a marvellous confession of weakness for a great religious teacher to say, "Be frugal, be industrious, be honest, be punctual, because these are Christian graces; but get rid as quick as you can of the natural fruits of those virtues, for the only use which a Christian man can make of money is to give it away." A State organized on such a principle would consist of a small minority of hermits, supporting by their labour a whole swarm of beggars; for if all were frugal, honest, and industrious, and consequently rich, there would be no room for the virtue of charity, as Wesley understood it.

The political position which the Wesleys assumed harmonizes strangely with the onesidedness of their theological teaching. Beyond inculcating the general duty of submission to the Government, Wesley and his brother would appear to have passed by politics on the other side. Charles Wesley expressly declared, in reference to the American war, that "it was the privilege of private Christians" to be neutral in such matters. But this is a strange and a narrow, if a convenient, privilege; for surely, in the history of modern Europe, there have been few wars which involved moral principles or consequences of greater importance, and few in which some at least of the belligerents stood more in need of a clearer apprehension than they possessed of the Christian duty of appreciating the rights and consulting the interests of their neighbours. That Methodism, in this country at least, had such slight and merely occasional relations to two such events as the American War and the French Revolution, is the most striking of all illustrations of its confined and narrow character, and of the way in which it tended to cut life into two halves, the spiritual and the secular, regulated apparently by different if not conflicting principles.

It is a very striking instance of this peculiarity in Methodism, that Wesley never either obtained, or even tried to obtain, any considerable influence over the rich or educated classes. His whole enterprise would seem to have applied to the poor alone, and to them only because, at the time of his greatest exertions, they had for a considerable period been left in a condition of unexampled neglect. He failed to obtain any marked success in Scotland, in which country, for many reasons, it would appear at first sight that he might naturally have expected far greater sympathy than in England; but the fact was not so. The religious national institutions of Scotland had so strong a hold over the population, that they were for the most part very indifferent to Wesley and his preaching. Something must, no doubt, be allowed for the unpopularity of Wesley's Arminian views, but this was probably a very inferior cause. The main one, we feel no doubt, was to be found in the fact that the Scotch were not in the same state of spiritual neglect as the English poor. The slightness of Wesley's influence over the rich is notorious; and, indeed, he used himself to expatiate on the subject with the greatest possible freedom, insisting that the

balance of intelligence was not in favour of the rich, and that he was unable to produce any considerable effect on their minds. The explanation is one which can hardly be allowed, though the fact is undoubted. A much simpler and more natural solution is to be found in the circumstance that, notwithstanding his great logical power, Wesley addressed himself more to the imagination than to the reason of his hearers. He hardly appears to have been conscious—at least during the earlier part of his career—of the enormous difficulties by which many of his fundamental propositions were beset; nor is there, so far as we know, any proof that he was in a position which would enable him to speak with real authority upon many of the questions which were then beginning to be mooted respecting all the most important features both of morals and of theology. In Southey's *Life* there is but one passage, so far as we remember, in which any reference is made to the great controversies which were then in progress both here and in France; and that passage consists of a quotation from a letter of Fletcher of Madeley, in which he denounces all the opinions which were then growing to maturity in France in the most uncompromising manner. Certainly no one can maintain that the view taken of religious belief by the great writers of the eighteenth century was either complete or even true so far as it went; but it would be equally impossible to maintain that it was a view for which nothing could be said, and which deserved mere denunciation or neglect. Wesley—so far as appears from Southey's *Life*—would appear to have ignored the whole controversy; and if he did so, he certainly gave by such conduct another proof of the narrowness which pervaded all his views, and which may be described as the principal defect in the proceedings of one who, with all his faults, was one of the best men of his generation, and one of the greatest benefactors to his species which it produced. Whatever his defects may have been, his name ought never to be mentioned without an expression of respect for his efforts to dispel some part of the heathenish darkness in which so many of his countrymen were involved, and of indignation at the mixture of stupidity and jealousy which drove his followers from a Church to which he was sincerely attached, and of which he might, with proper encouragement, have been one of the greatest of benefactors.

HANDBOOK FOR SYRIA AND PALESTINE.*

AFTER journeying to Jericho, fighting with wild beasts, twice being beaten by robbers, once taken for a spy of Vespasian, but in the end reaching Jerusalem safe, "it elates me," says Browning's curious and authentic friend Karshish, the Arab physician—

To void the stuffing of my travel-scrip,
And share with thee whatever Jewry yields.

What may have been the personal adventures of the Rev. Mr. Porter, the author of the *Syrian Handbook*, while picking up the plentiful crumbs of learning now stored in the volumes before us, does not appear. But whether stripped and robbed, stoned and beaten, or clothed and sound on his arrival at his journey's end, he may most justly feel elate, and call the public to rejoice with him, on having emptied so valuable a wallet on the reproductive counters of Mr. Murray. Although the promised French *diligence* does not yet run upon the long-projected French road from Beyrout to Damascus—and although the canal of the Isthmus of Suez is yet uncut, save in the imagination of French engineering augurs and commercial Tarquins—it is a step forward in civilization that the tour through Syria and Palestine should be made as plain and easy (at least upon paper) as the paths of those less distant and difficult lands which have successively fallen under the dominion of Albemarle-street. Henceforward—to gather a germane phrase from the Oriental imageries of Tennyson's *Maud*—the red-book shall dance by the red cedar-trees of Libanus, and blush beyond the Dead Sea among the rose-oilenders of Petra and the ruddy rocks of Edom.

But however grateful we all ought to be, and are, in our character of travellers, for the appearance of every fresh Handbook by Murray, it by no means in general follows that, as miscellaneous readers or reviewers, we are, or have any call to be, equally grateful. A road-book, an hotel-book, a pocket *valet-de-place* without his charge of a dollar a-day—an epitome of historical, scientific, and useful information touching one town after another in its long, moving panorama—an exhaustive volume where you may inquire within upon everything you may want to know at one particular spot and moment, and to know for once only—is not a book to be read in the library with enthusiastic avidity, or even with sustained interest. It is not even one upon which the contemplative possessor's eye rests, with the pleasure of satisfied respectability, in the survey of his crowded and ornate bookshelves; for it is not of the class of books which no gentleman's library is complete without, although they are read by nobody. No increased respect accrues to the owner of a Murray's *Handbook*, and no contempt attaches to the want of one. It is bought only to be used, and it is used only as a fellow-traveller. Its home, if it has a home, is not the book-case, but the portmanteau.

The obstacles, however, which ordinarily lie in the way of the ambitious handbook-writer who would fain produce a readable

* *Handbook for Syria and Palestine*. London: Murray.

volume out of his heterogeneous mass of indispensable materials, are perhaps less invincible in the case of Syrian than European ground. The subject is less complex, and the details less disjointed. In journeying through modern Italy or Germany, the tourist either forgets at once what he leaves behind him, or puts it away in the recesses of his more or less capacious memory till the next occasion. Florence throws into shade Milan, to be in turn obliterated by Rome; and Rome, itself (as has been forcibly said) a palimpsest, is overlaid by the more brilliant illuminations of Naples. Each city has its special study or studies, and each State its individual web of history to disentangle. But in Palestine a tone of unity pervades all. Whatever may be the speciality of the European traveller in Judæa—antiquarian, artist, searcher for amusement or religious pilgrim, speculative critic or zealous verifier of fulfilled prophecy—he will find all the interest of travel turn toward one centre. Wherever he goes, he will always set his face towards Jerusalem, the focus in which all the lines of thought meet, and round which all the memorable incidents and associations group themselves. Who would make the tour of Palestine if it were not the Holy Land, or study its sites and scenery except in illustration of the most peculiar people ever created, and the most wonderful book ever written? From Gaza to Antioch, from the cave of Macpelah where Abraham was buried, to the rock-fortress of Masada where his descendants made their last desperate stand against the Romans, all that the explorer does, or tries or pretends to do, is to realize for himself and others the names with which that one history has made us familiar, and to unravel the meaning of some of those words which, of all ever spoken, have exercised the greatest influence upon the destinies of mankind. Even the most incurious and matter-of-fact among tourists pays to the Biblical associations, if not to the irrational traditions, of Judæa the homage of a more or less active and sincere enthusiasm. They are the reasons which have brought him there; and they are the reasons which will make the handbook of Palestine more readable than its fellow handbooks to mere stayers at home.

Among the first requisites in a guide for all tourists beyond the reach of railroads, steamers, or other public conveyances, is the habit of stating fully and accurately the distances along the various tracks of travel, according to the ordinary modes of locomotion in the country. The German measure of walking-hours or *Stunden*—inapplicable any longer at home except for the wandering apprentices of the German fatherland—is the most catholic of all standards in such portions of the universe as are still travelled over by camel-drivers or muleteers. No pioneer of tourists has instilled or practised this habit more indefatigably than that model traveller, Colonel Leake; and for nothing are his followers more sincerely grateful. It is a most important relief from harassing afternoon anxieties to the rider or walker in a strange land, to be assured that he has only three and not six hours of rock-scrambling before reaching his camping-ground. Mr. Porter states the distances of his stages as minutely as the time-tables of an English railway. It is no extravagant compliment to his exactness to express a firm belief that they will be found to correspond more accurately with the actual experience of the traveller. As a Syrian explorer and resident of long standing, and as a conscientious clergyman, Mr. Porter has no doubt verified himself all the distances he states. The compilers of Murray's earlier Greek and Eastern handbooks have not invariably done so.

Another of the chief aims of a guide-book—unhappily far less attainable—must of course be to give the reader some such idea of the national character and manners of those who inhabit the lands he is about to visit, as may be of practical use in his everyday dealings with them. It is easy to jot down the salient points of a semi-Europeanized class, such as donkey-boys or dragomen, and to compose out of them a very effective picture, if not a very instructive warning. Roving Englishmen are indebted to one of their Transatlantic cousins, the author of *Nile Notes*, for the smartest critical analysis of the genus dragoman yet made. But however amusing, and however appalling, we doubt its being of the slightest practical utility. In the matter of dragomen, it is *kismet*. If it be the tourist's destiny to be done by his dragoman, done he will be. All beset him on landing at Alexandria or Jaffa with crowds of the most exemplary testimonials, drawn up by the most good-natured or most forgetful of former cockney victims—all are called Ali—all have travelled with Lord Lindsay or Miss Martineau. He plunges his hand into the sack of snakes at a venture, and it is just possible he may draw out an eel. Mr. Porter's little sermon upon dragomen, very excellently written, closes with a short sentence which is in itself a sermon:—"The only dragoman I can venture to recommend is —" Let the Syrian tourist that is to be, meditate upon that. The writer of that sentence has lived "Five years in Damascus," and published an account thereof—has travelled over the length and breadth of Palestine by highways and byways, collecting materials of all kinds for the volume before us—has seen the cities and known the minds of many men—but in spite of, or rather in virtue of, all his experience, there is but one of that unfathomable class whom he can venture to recommend. It is the saddest sentence we know. It is as though the cynical Parisian philosopher, returning from Leicester-square to the Boulevards, should sum up his London impressions with—"The only cabman I can venture to recommend, is No. 10,746." Lest he should be prematurely made away with by envious professional brethren, or torn to pieces by competing tourists, we suppress the only commendable drago-

man's name. But although each traveller must accomplish his individual fate in engaging, wrestling with, tolerating, succumbing to, or mastering his particular dragoman in the trials of everyday life, according to the strength that is in him, there are many occasional chances of contact with the settled or nomad population of Syria, in which any stray lights, thrown by more familiar experience than his own upon their characters and the management of them, may be most useful. The ways of an Arab are not to be divined intuitively—at least not by the ordinary respectable Frank pilgrim. Place a civilized European in a round hat, or even a wide-awake and shooting jacket, upon the eastern bank of the Jordan, in presence of a set of hungry Arab savages, swathed in dirty turbans and a single ragged garment apiece; by what talisman is he to impress upon their unenlightened minds such a consciousness of his immense moral superiority as to induce them to leave him unmolested, or at least to give him fair play? How to persuade them that he is anything but a convenient treasure-trove for themselves, a moving bag of infinite *baksheesh*, of which the open sesame is noisy importunity, downright bullying, or in the last resort absolute violence? How is he even to restrain himself from unwittingly trampling upon their dearest feelings, or transgressing their most sacred laws—for a very Arab has laws and feelings, such as they are—or in what manner shall he demean himself as co-defendant with the savages of his own paid escort in the summary process of a rude action of trespass for breaking the close of another tribe of savages, under whose escort he ought to be? The rights of the desert are watched, if not as carefully, at least as jealously, as those of a Scotch deer-forest; and when the nearest Consul is at Jerusalem, and the nearest Pasha at Damascus, the personal bearing of the traveller is his best safeguard against molestation and danger, if accident or carelessness lead him into a scrape. Such hints as Mr. Porter gives for avoiding or getting well out of the difficulties of Arab travel, are very judicious and serviceable. Not less interesting to the general inquirer are the details he produces, as occasion serves, of the manners of various Arab tribes, or the inhabitants of particular towns. At Kerak or Kir Moab, for instance, it seems that wives are always bought for a price, and that a warranty of soundness is always presumed against the seller. If the wife falls sick, and becomes unable to manage her husband's household affairs, he returns her upon her father's hands with the message—"I bought a healthy wife, and it is not just I should be at the trouble or expense of curing her."

Whether he recovers the purchase money, or obtains damages for the loss of her service, is left in doubt. Even among the Bedawin there exists a recognised process of distress for debt, and an action of replevin. Their legal practice, says Mr. Porter, is somewhat peculiar, but for straightforwardness and honesty stands in favourable contrast to some of our own. The creditor, after refusal to pay before witnesses, seizes openly, or steals if he prefers it, a camel or other chattel belonging to his debtor, and deposits it with a third person. The case is thereby brought at once into court, and the property attached is forfeited to the creditor if he proves his claim. Among the Tawarah the marriage-purchase is followed by a forcible abduction as a necessary part of the ceremony. An obstinate resistance on the part of the damsel is her best passport to the respect of society. In another tribe, after being once caught, she is allowed a day's law to run away again to the mountains, and the bridegroom is then started in chase. It is a singular method of adding a tincture of romance to a purely businesslike matter of bargain and sale.

One most inconvenient and embarrassing habit of Arab minds is their readiness to fall in with the antiquarian speculations of their employer. They will play Polonius to his Hamlet, and fool him to the top of his bent. The same cloud shall be as he wishes, a camel, an ounce, or very like a whale. Once express discontent at Lepsius for having carried away a Theban inscription, and you shall be assured that Lepsius wantonly defaced the whole of Thebes. Ask in the desert whether such a spring is bitter, and it is forthwith not only bitter enough to present the Marah of the Exodus, but the only bitter water within a thousand miles. Seek for ruins, and they shall be told of, if not shown you. They display such uncompromising, if not disinterested, zeal to gratify unintelligible Frank curiosity, that any real or trustworthy aid from them in identifying sites or even localizing traditions is out of the question. It is probably to an imperfect appreciation of their faculties in this respect that we owe the remarkable discoveries of the French traveller De Sauley. Later travellers have not been able to find the Sodom and Gomorrah which he invented; or rather, they have been able to contradict the truth of his invention, not merely on the ground of geographical inconsistencies inherent in his theory, but because no trace of ruins exists where he placed them. Against this and other rash identifications, and against too easy a reliance upon Arab testimony even in the simplest particulars, Mr. Porter, as becomes the author of an authoritative Handbook, utters a judicious note of warning:—"When Arabs are puzzled by such questions, they find it easier and more satisfactory to invent answers than to confess ignorance; and be it known unto all men, that if we have many antiquarian travellers of the De Sauley school, we will soon have the land as full of archaeological as of monkish inventions." A consummation most devoutly not to be desired! A single plausible error in laying down the historical sites of a country may create as much irreparable confusion, and necessitate as much unproductive labour, as the alteration of two or three important

angles in a trigonometrical survey. Let those be on their guard who follow Mr. Porter's wanderings over Palestine in the spirit of yearning to be delivered of one or other of his long list of Biblical sites yet unidentified.

Readers of Boccaccio will remember the ingenuity of the preaching friar on whose box of relics a trick had been played, which forced him during his sermon to extemporize a miracle, and produce a piece of the identical charcoal on which St. Lawrence was broiled, in lieu of the stolen feather which dropped at the Annunciation from the angel Gabriel's wing. In a land like Syria, with its traditions all radiating from one centre of interest, it would now be difficult for the most ingenious monkish dexterity to invent or apply anything new. In the convent of Mount Sinai, the undoubted spot where the burning bush stood is marked by the Empress Helena's chapel. At Hebron, the curious in the annals of crime may realize the exact yard of ground where Cain murdered Abel; and the pre-Adamite ethnologist may handle with his own fingers the red earth from which our common ancestor was made. Drawing nearer to Jerusalem through a series of sites more or less authentic, you see upon the Hill of Evil Counsel the ruined country house of Caiaphas, and the tree on which Judas hanged himself; and the absurdity of tradition naturally culminates in and about the Holy City itself. The impressions left upon the hard rock by the sleeping disciples in the garden of Gethsemane are yet visible among the local evidences of the truth of sacred history; and no difficulty has been found in immortalizing the stone on which the cock roosted that crowed to Peter. A zealous course of pilgrimages undertaken during a well-kept Lent to these innumerable authentic objects of attraction, must be an admirable stimulant towards receiving worthily the Easter miracle of the Greek fire.

For sifting the grain of tradition from the chaff, for the use of the ordinarily intelligent traveller, Mr. Porter's handbook may probably be more generally available than the works either of Robinson or Stanley, fertile in interest and instruction as they are. In the case of conflicting local claims he is more of a summer-up than an advocate, and it is right that he should be. The office of a travelling Mentor is not so much to deliver judgment as to provide Telemachus with the materials for forming a judgment for himself. The genuineness of the Holy Sepulchre will remain a *veraxa questio* as long as the human mind is capable of different degrees of proneness to faith; but even the most sceptical of European pilgrims will not leave Jerusalem without some reverence for the spot which has borne that title since the days of Constantine.

The notoriously growing insecurity of Syrian travel may for the present prevent as rapid an increase in the number of English tourists as usually coincides with the opening of a new field by the handbooks of Murray, and the rumour of insecurity will probably spread faster than the insecurity itself. Mr. Porter is not a lenient critic upon the Government which does not protect either strangers or its own subjects. The evil cannot be denied, but it is not so easy to see the cure or foretell the end. Whether the speedy downfall of the whole empire, predicted by so many late travellers, even more loudly since the Russian war than before, be the only solution, or whether a reconstruction, at once locally freer in system, and drawing more real vigour from a less shamelessly corrupt centre, may be a possible alternative, is a question for time to answer. We will only venture to predict that Turkish rule in Syria will outlast the first edition of Mr. Porter's handbook, to which we may perhaps recur on a future occasion.

RITA.*

IT is not often that we meet with a novel so interesting, so well written, or so unaffected as *Rita*. The heroine—whose full name, Marguerite Percival, will remind many readers of an earlier acquaintance—is the daughter of a handsome, gay, and utterly worthless colonel, who, having run through his money and his credit in England, transfers himself to Paris, where the action chiefly lies. Mrs. Percival is, in her daughter's mild phrase, "not a wise woman;" indeed she is a very weak and silly one, although her defects are in some measure redeemed by a gentle and affectionate character. From bad health and indolence, she spends her time in lying on a sofa, while the five children, of whom Rita is the eldest, are neglected by their selfish, sensual, gambling father, and pass their early years without receiving any education. A legacy of 4000*l.* from Mrs. Percival's uncle, Lord Rossborough, improves the state of affairs for a time; but the money is soon spent, and the old life of shifts and necessities is renewed. After a time, a widowed sister of Mrs. Percival, Lady Dacre—who, as we afterwards learn, had been the object of the colonel's earlier love, but had refused him on account of his incurable propensity to play—appears on the scene, and at her expense a governess, Miss Lateward, is established:—

She was a person of the most solid attainments, and the soundest theology; the opposite, in short, of all I had been accustomed to see and hear in superficial Paris. Every useful and legitimate subject of information, from Parliament to pin-making, received, in turn, a due share of attention at her hands; and, as far as information went, she was complete in it, and downright. When she had spoken you knew all about it, and nothing remained to be said. If it was a moot-point (as would occur sometimes in reading history),

or a case in which acute discrimination and a careful balance of judgment were requisite, her opinion seldom satisfied me. Remarkable in her was the absence of all imagination and humour, a disregard of the graces and flowers of life, and a love of depriving even history of its legends and the poetry that clings to it. Yet we were soon fast friends; for it was impossible to know her long and not feel a respect for the conscientious manner in which she fulfilled all her duties by us, the scrupulous justice with which she measured to us praise or blame, and the general consistency and faithfulness of her character. If she lacked that delicacy of perception which is a sixth sense—that penetration into character which every leader, whether of minds or armies, should have—she possessed another quality that was invaluable in our family, that of prudence. She had eyes, and saw not; ears had she, and heard not.

The character of this worthy lady is consistently maintained in her actions, her sayings, and her letters, and it is no small praise to say of her that she makes precisely the impression which is intended on us. In addition to Miss Lateward's lessons, Rita is instructed in painting, and by privately selling her productions becomes able to satisfy some of her father's smaller creditors.

At the age of seventeen, Rita is to "come out," and, as her mother had long withdrawn from society, the care of introducing her is committed to a brilliant Lady Greybrook. The reason of this choice appears afterwards. Lady Greybrook, a person of such questionable repute that "the virtuous Queen Charlotte had turned her back upon her at a drawing-room," has moral reasons for living abroad, where she moves chiefly in congenial society; and Colonel Percival intends that, under her auspices, his daughter shall marry with a regard rather to the fortune than to the character of the husband. At her first ball, Rita is introduced, among others, to a dark gentleman with a beard—which about the year 1840 was an unusual ornament on an English face:—

"I suppose, seeing what you do of me," said my strange partner, "you would positively object to become my wife if I were to ask you?"

I now made up my mind that he was slightly deranged, but I did not feel disconcerted, as he seemed quiet, and I answered composedly enough.

"You are right, I should positively object to become your wife under any circumstances."

"Good!" he exclaimed, with an expression of great relief. "Now then, we can talk at our ease, which I very rarely do with a young lady."

The dark gentleman, whose name his partner had not heard at the introduction, turns out to be Lord Rawdon, a personage somewhat of the Byronic school; and, notwithstanding the speeches with which he had set out, he falls violently in love with Rita. The attentions of a person so much admired, and so difficult to attract, excite great envy and jealousy against the heroine, especially on the part of a Russian Princess Galoffska, who shows her feeling by leaving out the protégée when inviting Lady Greybrook to a ball. Rita has an invitation for the same evening from Lady Janet Ogilvie, a virtuous but severe and sharp-tongued old Scotch dame, who, taking an interest in her as Lady Dacre's niece, is desirous to rescue her from bad company. Lady Greybrook undertakes to set her down at Lady Janet's, but there is an awkward mistake as to the house, and after the carriage has driven off, Rita on entering the *salon*, instead of being received by Lady Janet, finds herself in a society of ladies *aux camélias* and of very rakish-looking gentlemen. She rushes back to the street in terror, but is pursued, and is on the point of being caught by one of the party, when Lord Rawdon drives up at the critical moment, and carries her off in his brougham. Just as she has taken her seat—Lord Rawdon sitting on the box—she is horrified at being seen by Hubert Rochfort, a very correct and somewhat solemn young Englishman, who had endeavoured to warn her against the Greybrook set, and had, without knowing it, inspired her with an ardent affection. The result is that next morning Lord Rawdon fights a duel with a French count, in which he is badly wounded, and that Rochfort goes off suddenly to England. Happily for Rita, her adventure does not become known to the scandal-loving English of Paris; but, partly in consequence of it, and partly from the shock of hearing that Lady and Miss Dacre had been lost in a yacht, she finds change of scene necessary, and is glad to accept an invitation from certain French friends, General and Madame Gobemouche, who live in the neighbourhood of a provincial town. Here she accidentally makes acquaintance with an elderly pair of English travellers, Mr. and Miss Bissett; and she is recalled to Paris by an announcement from her mother that the younger daughter, Rose—a beautiful but not very intellectual girl—is about to be married to Charles Murray, the son of an old-fashioned Huntingdonshire baronet. The marriage takes place, and the young couple set off for Italy; but, on the evening of the wedding-day, a sempstress whom Rita had charitably employed, on bringing home some embroidery, recognises Colonel Percival as her seducer, "Edouard Brown." This woman's child had been ill of small-pox; and, perhaps in consequence of her visit to the house, Mrs. Percival is seized with the disease. The Colonel, who was not a man to incur any danger by nursing a sick wife, sets off to put his boys to an English school, on the strength of a bequest which Lady Dacre had left for the special purpose of educating them, and returns to find his wife dead—a circumstance which does not greatly afflict him. Things become worse and worse. Rita shuts herself up; but one morning she ventures with her maid into the Bois de Boulogne, and is surprised into an interview with Lord Rawdon, who, knowing the Colonel's character, and something of his designs, had set a constant watch on the movements of the Percival household. The meeting is secretly witnessed by the Princess Galoffska, who had watched Lord Rawdon with equal closeness; and, on his telling her his mind on the subject, the

* *Rita: an Autobiography.* 2 vols. London. Bentley. 1858.

Princess poisons herself. Again and again Lord Rawdon finds opportunities of vehemently urging his suit, but Rita adheres to the answer which she had given in her first conversation with him. In the meantime Colonel Percival becomes more and more urgent that his daughter shall marry the Marquis d'Orfort, a rich old voluptuary, from whom it turns out that he had obtained large sums in consideration of his interest. He forces on her the society of Madame de Barennes, a mistress who supplies him with money derived from other admirers. On Rita's remonstrating, he assures her that Madame de Barennes shall not again enter his house as an intruder, and he keeps his promise by giving the lady a title to enter it as his wife. On the evening after the marriage, Rita, knowing nothing of it, accompanies her father to a ball at the Hôtel de Ville, where she is perplexed by finding herself the object of impertinent looks and loud whispers. Lord Rawdon, however, clears up the mystery, and her excitement is raised still higher by a conversation which she overhears between her father and his new wife. In despair, she agrees to fly from Paris with Lord Rawdon. Her maid and some clothes are hastily packed up, and, by travelling through a stormy night, they reach Amiens early in the morning. A marriage with Lord Rawdon seems unavoidable; but, while he is absent in search of the English chaplain, Rita discovers in the hotel yard the comfortable travelling-carriage of the Bissetts, throws herself on their protection, and continues her journey in their company. Meanwhile, Lord Rawdon, in obedience to a hastily-written note, hurries back to Paris, in order that his presence may prevent any suspicions which might have connected him with Rita's disappearance.

On reaching England, Rita resolves to maintain herself by her talents as an artist, under the assumed name of Hope; but, as her sister is still abroad, she agrees, before settling in London, to spend some time in the country with the Bissetts, who promise to preserve her secret. To her infinite alarm, she discovers that the residence of Hubert Rochfort, where Miss Lateward is now governess to his sister, is at no great distance from that of her friends, and that his cousin, Miss Neville, whom his mother had at length persuaded him to marry, is among their nearest neighbours. All her endeavours to retreat before being seen by these dreaded personages are frustrated by a succession of accidents. As "Miss Hope" she meets Miss Neville, Mrs. Rochfort, and Hubert himself; and, after many awkward difficulties, everything is satisfactorily explained. Hubert, whom she had fancied insensible to her love, had been equally enamoured and equally deluded as to Rita's affections. He had heroically resisted all manner of attempts to prejudice him against her, had even obtained from his strict and excellent mother a conditional permission to marry her, and had only given her up when the evidence of his own eyes seemed irresistible. A letter from Lady Janet Ogilvie, who was now again in Paris, opportunely arrives to vindicate her fame; and Miss Neville, who had been acquainted with her cousin's affection for Miss Percival, and had conceived an enthusiastic admiration for "Miss Hope," magnanimously resigns an engagement which had been formed without much love on either side. Ten years after the marriage of Hubert, Miss Neville bestows herself and her inheritance on Rita's brother Ernest, a handsome and gallant Indian officer, who takes well to the life of a country gentleman, and Rita sits down to the composition of her memoirs. Hubert is a member of Parliament. "If you wish to know his politics, they are much the same as Mr. Gladstone's." We are convinced that he is among the most exemplary of senators, and that about this time of the year he lectures the young men of his county town on the duty of reading nothing but the severest books after the labours of their trade, and tries to fire their ambition by descanting on the glories of A.A. Lord Rawdon has taken to philanthropy in another line by going in his yacht to the Crimea, where he fought Madame de Galoffski's countrymen as a volunteer, and helped to relieve the sufferings of our soldiers. Rita sees him occasionally—worn and aged, but calm, and seemingly not unhappy. No doubt the heroine has chosen wisely between her lovers; but, decidedly as we prefer the Gladstone to the Byron type—at least with a view to domestic life—we cannot but feel some pity for a man whose behaviour towards her had been a course of generous devotion, and whose resolutions of amendment have been proved to be sincere. Colonel Percival still lives in Paris, cast off by his second wife, sunk into disrepute, and communicating with his children only in the shape of importunate requests for money. If our notions of filial piety are somewhat shocked by the circumstance that the exposure of this gentleman's misdeeds to the world proceeds from his own daughter, we must remember that this was unavoidable if the book was to take the form of an autobiography.

The characters of the story, in general, appear to us as people whom we have met before, with little or no difference, and, if we were to attempt to say where we have met them, we should probably expose the smallness of our knowledge by naming persons who are not the most like to them that might be found in the world of fiction. In saying this, we of course imply an opinion that the authoress of *Rita* is not a genius of the highest order. But, while a great novelist or dramatist will show his power by the creation of original characters, it is a mistake in critics or readers to insist on the production of such characters as a condition of all fictitious writing. In consequence of the craving after originality on the one hand, and of the idea that it is expected on the other, our modern literature has been peopled with

grotesque and impossible monsters. Instead, therefore, of blaming the authoress for the want of greater novelty in her conceptions, we are disposed to give her credit for the discretion which has led her to content herself with introducing us to persons who speak and act naturally, and who, if they remind us of some who are to be found in other books, have also the air of real men and women.

BARNES ON ANCIENT BRITAIN.*

MR. BARNES, as we gather from his little book, is a Dorsetshire clergyman, who, without being a Welshman, has acquired that most unusual accomplishment in any one who is not—a knowledge of the Welsh tongue. His book, he tells us, has "grown out of a collection for a course of lectures," and it would certainly have been better if he had waited to throw them into that or any complete shape, as the "Notes" are at present little more than mere notes, thrown together in a very desultory and unsystematic way. Without setting any very extraordinary value on Mr. Barnes' speculations, we are always well pleased to see matters of Celtic antiquity taken up in anything approaching to a scholarlike way, by any person, Celt or not Celt. Welshmen all but invariably treat these subjects in a spirit of absurd provincial vanity, while Englishmen either pay no attention to the matter at all, or else implicitly believe what the Welshmen tell them. Both are in the habit of calling every object which they do not understand by the name "Druidical," which for the most part is simply an excuse for ignorance. At the same time, the mass of Englishmen fail to have any rational view of a matter so simple in its main outline (though so perplexing in its details) as the English conquest of Britain. People look upon the "Ancient Britons" as their ancestors, while they sometimes wonder why the modern Britons do not speak English. Men read of the English Conquest as if it were analogous to the Norman Conquest. Not one man in ten realizes that Hengest and Horsa, Ælla and Cissa, were his own kinsmen, and that the Vortigern or the Arthur with whom he sympathizes, were not his kinsmen, but the enemies of his kinsmen. Divines give themselves an infinite deal of trouble about the "Ancient British Church," which is most laudable if designed as a contribution to the truth of ecclesiastical history, but worse than useless if intended to prove anything practical as to the modern English church. We believe that one great source of all this confusion is our fatal habit of calling all Englishmen who lived before 1066 Saxons. We all, like George III., "glory in the name of Briton," while, unless we are very affected indeed, we do not now-a-days call ourselves Anglo-Saxons. Hence we naturally identify ourselves with the "ancient Briton," and forget that our own ancestor is to be looked for in the invading "Saxon." The plain fact is that, in 858 just as in 1858, and probably for four centuries before 858, the Englishman called himself an Englishman, while his Welsh neighbour called him a Saxon. The name "Saxon," to express the whole united nation of Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, is absolutely unknown to our early writers. It was the Anglian, not the Saxon branch which gave its name to the whole. Among all Dr. Guest's many contributions to our early history, none was more valuable than his daring to call things by their right names, and to speak of "the Early English Settlements" in Britain.

When people, then, have realized the plain fact that the Welsh or Britons were the earlier inhabitants, while the English were the intruding conquerors, the question naturally follows, What vestiges, in blood, language, or anything else, have the Celtic races left in that part of Britain which is now occupied by the English? The question involves a host of others, as to the exact relations existing between the Celtic inhabitants of different parts of Britain, and as to the possibility of earlier Teutonic settlements before the great English Conquest. Thoroughly to answer it requires a most rare familiarity alike with the written documents and with the existing phenomena of our land. It requires a union of Celtic and Teutonic scholarship, and an acquaintance with Celtic and Teutonic history, combined with the most diligent personal examination of the natural features, the artificial remains, the local nomenclature, and the local dialects of the whole island. We know only one man thoroughly fit for the task. If Dr. Guest could be induced to mould the result of his researches, from the fragmentary shape of lectures and papers, into a consecutive history of the English Conquest of Britain, it would be one of the greatest works of the age.

It is no disrespect to Mr. Barnes to say that he is not the compeer of Dr. Guest. Indeed, in a work of so slight a texture as the present, he has probably not done full justice to his own powers or his own information. As far as we can judge, he seems to have carefully studied Welsh literature and local nomenclature, but to be hardly up to the last results of modern research; and he is often much too bold in arguing, from the Welsh Triads and similar productions of comparatively late times, to the state of things before the Roman invasion. Mr. Barnes proves his personal Teutonism by a style of writing affectedly ultra-Teutonic; but at the same time he is rather disposed to exaggerate the amount of the Celtic element still remaining in England. Nevertheless, his etymologies are not to be cast aside at once, but to be weighed each for itself. He is doubtless right in looking for a

Notes on Ancient Britain and the Britons. By William Barnes, B.D. London: J. R. Smith. 1858.

very extensive Celtic element in the names of natural objects, though he often seems to us far from lucky in his particular derivations. The names of places we must expect to be commonly Teutonic, with, of course, the exception of the great cities. But, to judge from what goes on before our own eyes in America and Australia, we may fairly expect to find a certain proportion of native names retained. And here the proportion will be widely different in different parts of the kingdom. Dr. Guest, in his admirable lecture at the Bath meeting of the Archaeological Institute, taught us carefully to distinguish between the exterminating warfare of the first heathen invaders and the political conquests of the Christian Princes of Wessex. To these last we owe the existing Teutonism of Somerset and Devon, but to their comparatively mild character is due the comparatively imperfect character of that Teutonism. The Celts of Kent were massacred—those of Somerset were simply conquered. The Cornish kingdom, of which it formed a part, is now wholly Anglicised, but we need hardly say that Cornwall itself was Celtic not very long ago, while even in Devon the visitor is still reminded of Wales in a great number of respects; and both in Devon and Somerset a very slight stock of Welsh enables the inquirer to recognise the Celtic origin of many of the local names. North of the Bristol Channel, again, in passing from the thoroughly English parts of Gloucestershire into the thoroughly Welsh parts of Monmouthshire, you pass through a considerable intermediate region where the local nomenclature is chiefly Welsh, though English is now the only language spoken. This is exactly analogous to Devonshire, with of course the difference that the now English parts of Monmouthshire remained Celtic centuries later than Devonshire.

We have quite wandered away from Mr. Barnes, probably because his book is, both in size and texture, so very much sligher than his subject. He is, however, plainly a sensible man, and knows something of his subject; and though we cannot flatter him by saying that that subject is exhausted under his hands, yet the inquirer may pick up some useful hints while turning over his little volume.

LE PRÉ CATELAN.*

Le Pré CateLAN is among French novels very much what one of the inferior works of Mrs. Gore is among English novels—a slight dashing description of life more or less fashionable, with enough naughtiness to season it, and enough goodness to recommend it. As it goes on, it becomes in a certain degree readable. We begin to wish that the young couple should as hastily as possible get happily married, and that the villain should come to some appropriately bad ending. In *Le Pré CateLAN* he is converted, and goes into business. Otherwise, the novel is not worth much. But the mere fact that the story, though affected, and abominably ill written, is yet readable, and that it offers up its little tribute at the altar of moral propriety, may serve to make it, if not worthy of notice, at least not very unworthy. A minor French novel is to a reviewer what the comet has been to the leading-article writer. It saves him from absolutely making his bricks without straw. It gives him a stalk or two to set out with. There is something to say about *Le Pré CateLAN*, for as there are people whose favourite reading is French novels, they may like to have brought to their notice one that is not very dull or very indecent. Further than that, the merits of this novel do not extend.

The story begins with a truly romantic situation. Edouard Verneuil, an adorable young man, and the son of a rich banker, is riding on a summer's evening in the Bois de Boulogne, near the Pré CateLAN. A thunderstorm comes on, and a carriage dashes by him with the horse maddened by the tempest. He puts himself in an ingenious manner on the edge of a cascade, and though the carriage is broken to bits the occupant escapes any serious hurt. She is the loveliest creature eyes were ever set on, and lies in a beautiful fainting fit. Edouard relieves her by cutting her stays, not open, but somehow bodily off, using for the purpose "a Spanish knife, with a mother-of-pearl handle, incrustated with coral." So minute is M. Capendu in the details of luxury. She recovers, and Edouard, who procures a lantern, sees that she has "velvety cheeks, with that silky down which young girls borrow from the peach, and a forehead pure from all contact with rice powder." He is naturally enchanted with her, and as she walks to a point where she expects to find some of her friends, he makes love to her—at first on an improper footing, as, in spite of her remarkable freedom from rice-powder, he guesses she is no better than she ought to be. But on her explaining that she is virtuous, he puts thing on a proper footing, and makes her a very honourable proposal, which she good-naturedly accepts; and so they part, with much mutual attachment, but without either having the advantage of knowing the other's name.

Having got so far on the road to virtue, Edouard now deviates towards the paths of vice. He goes from the Bois de Boulogne to a supper party at the Maison d'Or, where his evil genius, the Baron d'Aureilly de Pontac, persuades him to borrow money at a hundred per cent. from a roguish usurer, who is in the habit of paying the Baron a handsome commission for introducing pigeons to him. There, too, he also meets a most fascinating coquette, who takes a fancy to him, and determines to subdue him. She

accordingly the next day persuades Edouard to drive with her, and they get on tolerably well until their drive is interrupted by an old lover of the lady's, who stops the carriage to accuse her of her perfidy. In this lover Edouard recognises his own father—an elderly young man, whose sole object is to protract the pleasures of life beyond a reasonable age. The effect of the rencontre is most salutary. The father and son go home together, and the father, stricken with remorse, strips off his front, and washing off the dye, lets his hair appear in its natural and seemly grey. The son throws himself on his father's confidence, and gives him the history of his debts, and of his adventure with the unknown lady in the Bois de Boulogne. She turns out to be the daughter of a Bordeaux merchant, an old friend of Edouard's father, and there is no obstacle to a union, except that Ernestine has come to Paris for the express purpose of being married to a Count de Fresnay, who has shielded her reputation when falsely attacked by a provincial scandal. This Count de Fresnay has picked up a piece of Ernestine's stays in the Bois de Boulogne, and thinking his betrothed insulted by the freedom of Edouard's remedy, challenges him. A duel is fought, and Edouard is severely wounded; but the Baron d'Aureilly is his second, and he on the spot challenges and severely wounds the Count. During their respective illnesses Edouard finds out that Ernestine loves him, and the Count finds out that he himself is an object of fear and indifference to her. So the young lady has her way and is married to the right man. An epilogue closes the story, in which many minor difficulties are cleared up. One deserves mention. The hero and the reader are supposed to have been very much puzzled by the colour of Ernestine's stays, which were pink—a very improper colour, as we are given to understand, and reserved at Paris for *lorettes*. In the epilogue Edouard asks Ernestine how this happened, and she explains that she got her stays from a provincial staymaker who did not know any better. Both the difficulty and the solution strike us as unique.

The virtue of the story consists partly in the reformation of the elder Verneuil and of the Baron, whose generous devotion in the matter of the duel prompts Ernestine's father to give him a share of the business sufficiently valuable to render it unnecessary for him any longer to sell pigeons to hawks. Partly, also, the virtue consists in the feelings of the *dramatis personæ* generally, bad and good, towards their dead mothers. The Chinese are said to have no religion except that of honouring their ancestors; and in French novels the only religion visible is dependent on the grave of a mother. We are led to suppose that if the mothers were unfortunately living, there would be no such thing as tender or right feeling extant, but *ma pauvre mère* always intervenes in an undefined way to restore the balance of virtue. With these exceptions, the story is too largely occupied with suppers at the Maison d'Or, and with the ladies who frequent them, to be very moral. But the author is giving, in the best way he can, a saleable, rapidly-written sketch of a fraction of Paris life. He must have some vice in his book, exactly as Mrs. Gore—who, we ought to say, is far superior when at her best, to M. Capendu—must have some vice in her novels when she writes her saleable sketches of a fraction of English life. She touches on mercantile vices, such as selling daughters to millionaires, and on scenes of family discord and cruelty. M. Capendu touches on the vices which most meet his eye, and which chiefly interest him. Judged by the standard of the country where it was written, and by the general drift of the story, we should suppose we ought to call *Le Pré CateLAN* as moral as the average of our dreary stories of fashionable life.

NOTICE.—The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

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* *Le Pré CateLAN*. Par Ernest Capendu. Paris. 1858.

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